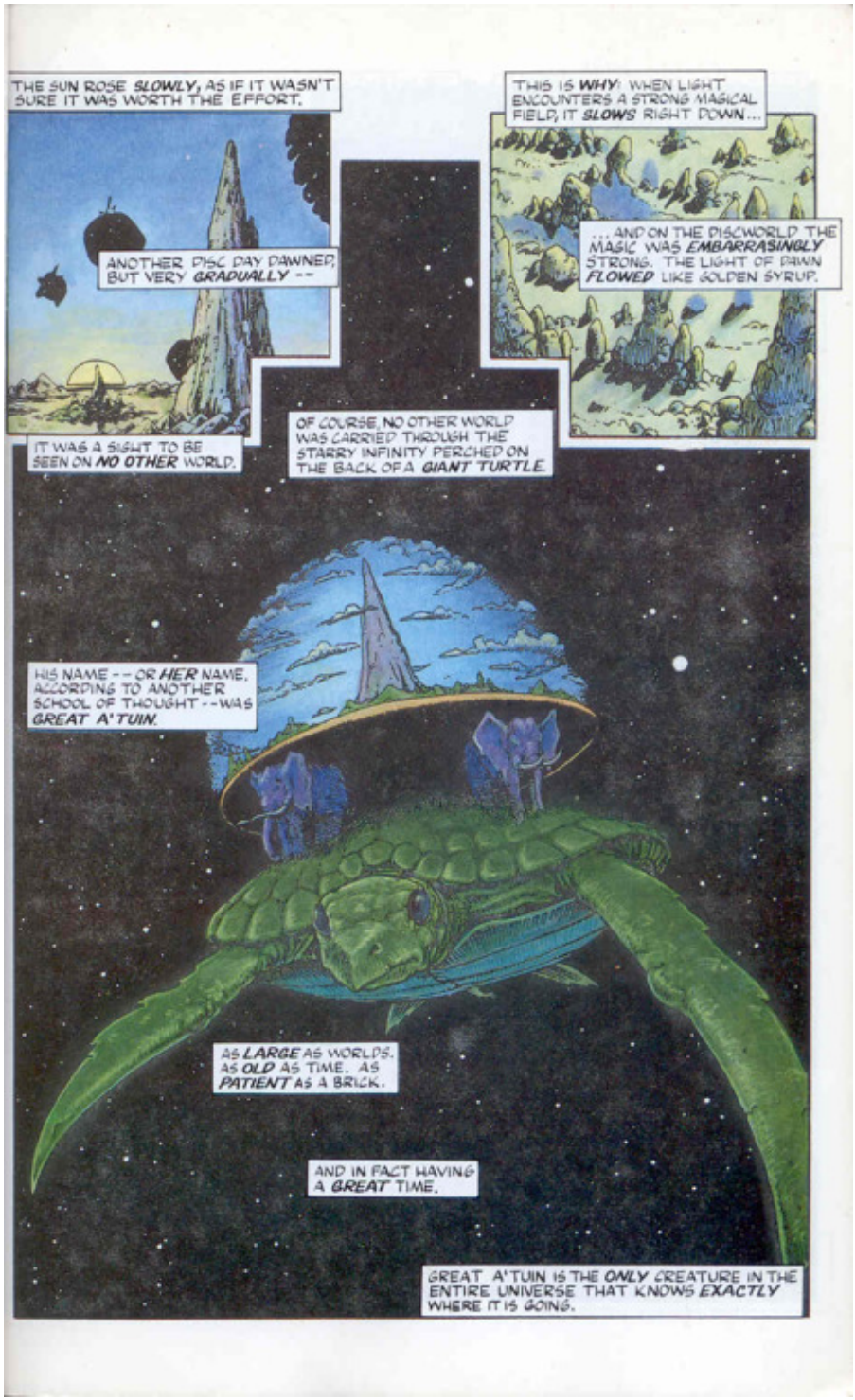
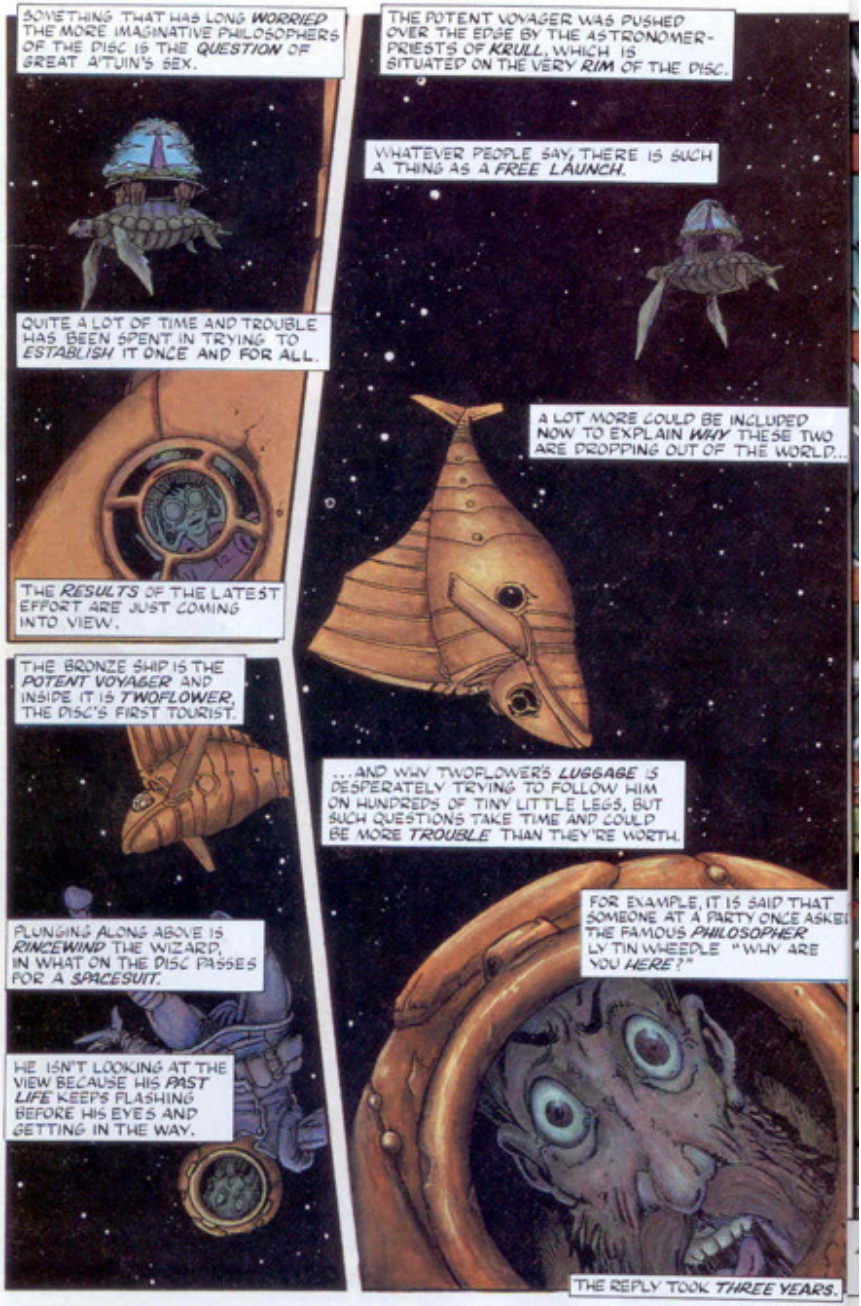
TERRY PRATCHETT'S

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL


THE SUN ROSE SLOWLY, AS IF IT WASN'T SURE IT WAS WORTH THE EFFORT.
ANOTHER DISC DAY DAWNED, BUT VERY GRADUALLY --
THIS IS WHY: WHEN LIGHT ENCOUNTERS A STRONG MAGICAL FIELD, IT SLOWS RIGHT DOWN...
...AND ON THE DISCWORLD THE MAGIC WAS EMBARRASSINGLY STRONG. THE LIGHT OF DAWN FLOWED LIKE GOLDEN SYRUP.
IT WAS A SIGHT TO BE SEEN ON NO OTHER WORLD.
OF COURSE, NO OTHER WORLD WAS CARRIED THROUGH THE STARRY INFINITY PERCHED ON THE BACK OF A GIANT TURTLE.
HIS NAME -- OR HER NAME, ACCORDING TO ANOTHER SCHOOL OF THOUGHT -- WAS GREAT A'TUIN.
AS LARGE AS WORLDS. AS OLD AS TIME. AS PATIENT AS A BRICK.
AND IN FACT HAVING A GREAT TIME.
GREAT A'TUIN IS THE ONLY CREATURE IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE THAT KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE IT IS GOING.


SOMETHING THAT HAS LONG WORRIED THE MORE IMAGINATIVE PHILOSOPHERS OF THE DISC IS THE QUESTION OF GREAT A'TUIN'S SEX.
QUITE A LOT OF TIME AND TROUBLE HAS BEEN SPENT IN TRYING TO ESTABLISH IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.
THE RESULTS OF THE LATEST EFFORT ARE JUST COMING INTO VIEW.
THE BRONZE SHIP IS THE POTENT VOYAGER AND INSIDE IT IS TWOFLOWER, THE DISC'S FIRST TOURIST.
PLUNGING ALONG ABOVE IS RINCEWIND THE WIZARD, IN WHAT ON THE DISC PASSES FOR A SPACESUIT.
HE ISN'T LOOKING AT THE VIEW BECAUSE HIS PAST LIFE KEEPS FLASHING BEFORE HIS EYES AND GETTING IN THE WAY.
THE POTENT VOYAGER WAS PUSHED OVER THE EDGE BY THE ASTRONOMER-PRIESTS OF KRULL, WHICH IS SITUATED ON THE VERY RIM OF THE DISC.
WHATEVER PEOPLE SAY, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A FREE LAUNCH.
A LOT MORE COULD BE INCLUDED NOW TO EXPLAIN WHY THESE TWO ARE DROPPING OUT OF THE WORLD...
...AND WHY TWOFLOWER'S LUGGAGE IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM ON HUNDREDS OF TINY LITTLE LEGS, BUT SUCH QUESTIONS TAKE TIME AND COULD BE MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH.
FOR EXAMPLE, IT IS SAID THAT SOMEONE AT A PARTY ONCE ASKED THE FAMOUS PHILOSOPHER LY TIN WHEEDLE "WHY ARE YOU HERE?"
THE REPLY TOOK THREE YEARS.

WHAT IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT IS AN EVENT HAPPENING FAR ABOVE GREAT A'TUIN, THE ELEPHANTS AND THE RAPIDLY EXPIRING WIZARD.
THE VERY FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE IS ABOUT TO BE PUT THROUGH THE WRINGER.
Terry Pratchett's
THE LIGHT Fantastic
PART 1
Based On the Novel By
TERRY PRATCHETT

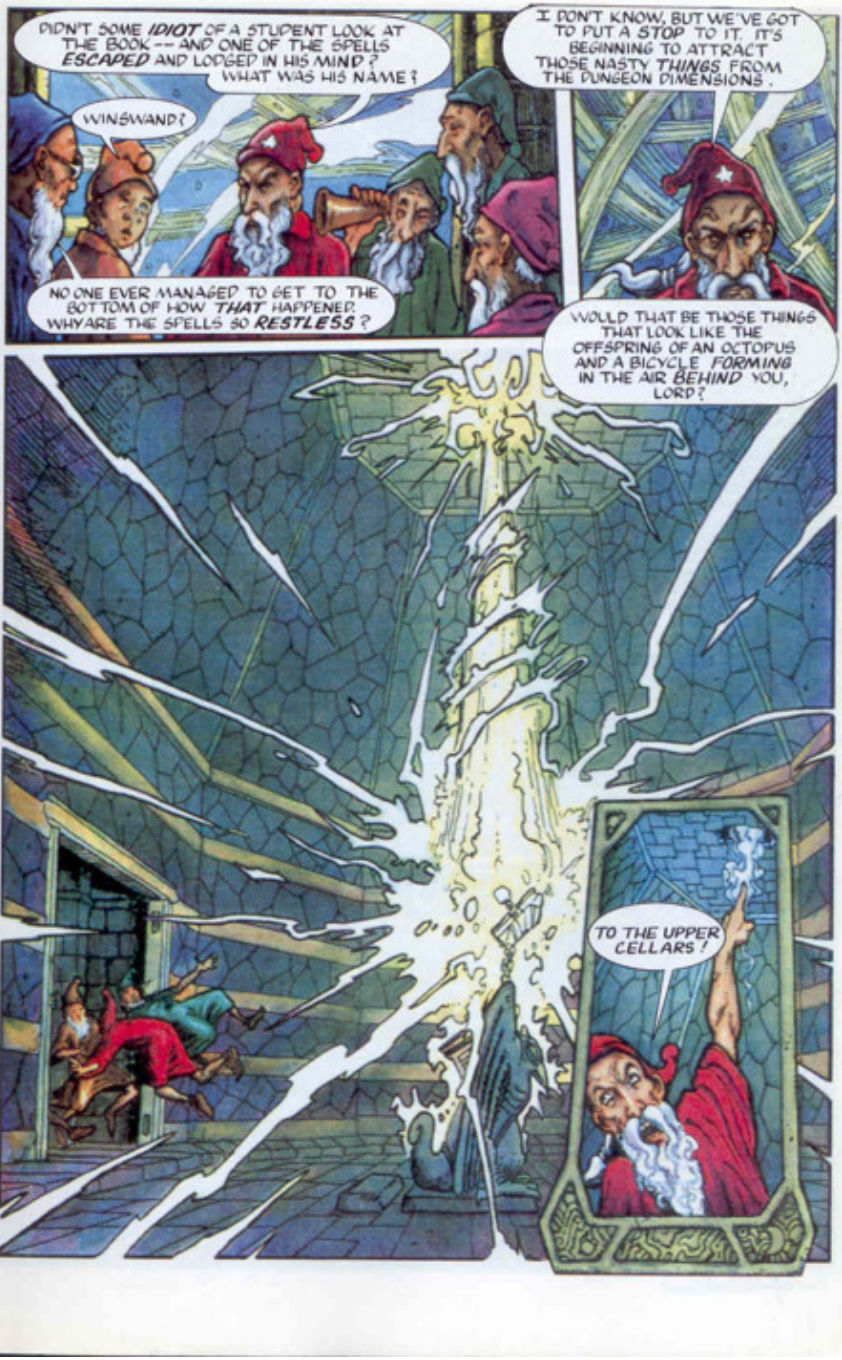
Adapted and Edited By
SCOTT ROCKWELL

Illustrated By
STEVEN ROSS

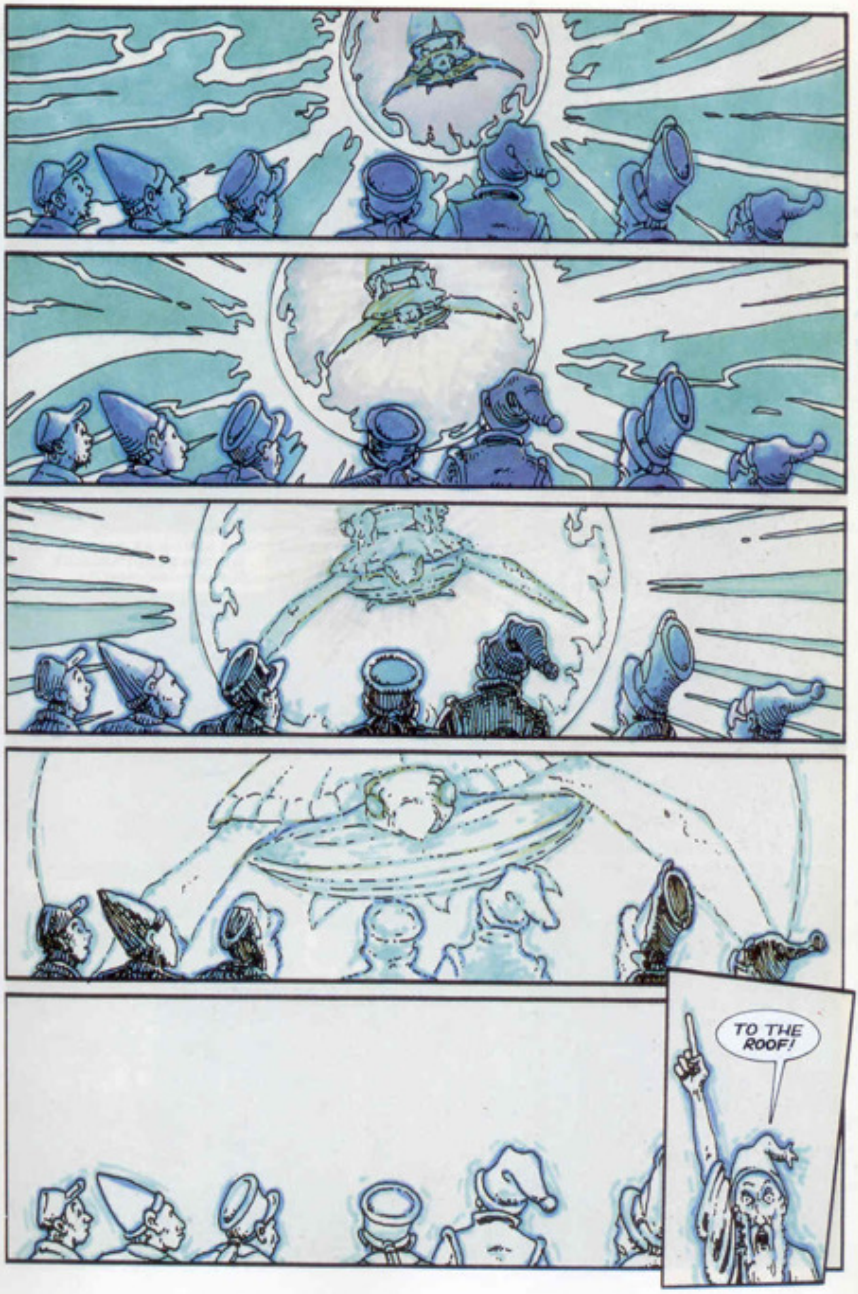
Painted By
MIRA FAIRCHILD

Lettered By
MICHELLE BECK

GALDER WEATHERWAX, SUPREME GRAND CONJURER OF THE ORDER OF THE SILVER STAR, LORD IMPERIAL OF THE SACRED STAFF, EIGHTH LEVEL IPSISSIMUS AND 304TH CHANCELLOR OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY WAS AWAKE --
-- NO WIZARD COULD SLEEP WITH THIS SORT OF THING GOING ON. THE BUILD UP OF RAW MAGIC ROSE THROUGH THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY LIKE A TIDE.
RIGHT! WHY WASN'T I SUMMONED?
UM, YOU WERE SUMMONED, LORD.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.
I MEAN WHY WASN'T I SUMMONED BEFORE?
THERE ARE MANY FAMOUS BOOKS OF MAGIC.
BUT THEY ARE ALL MERE PAMPHLETS WHEN COMPARED TO THE OCTAVO, WHICH THE CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE LEFT BEHIND -- WITH CHARACTERISTIC ABSENT-MINDEDNESS -- SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING HIS MAJOR WORK.
THE EIGHT SPELLS IMPRISONED IN ITS PAGES LED A SECRET AND COMPLEX LIFE OF THEIR OWN.
OF COURSE, THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN SPELLS NOW.


DIDN'T SOME IDIOT OF A STUDENT LOOK AT THE BOOK -- AND ONE OF THE SPELLS ESCAPED AND LODGED IN HIS MIND? WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
WINSWAND?
NO ONE EVER MANAGED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF HOW THAT HAPPENED. WHY ARE THE SPELLS SO RESTLESS?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO IT. IT'S BEGINNING TO ATTRACT THOSE NASTY THINGS FROM THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS.
WOULD THAT BE THOSE THINGS THAT LOOK LIKE THE OFFSPRING OF AN OCTOPUS AND A BICYCLE FORMING IN THE AIR BEHIND YOU, LORD?
TO THE UPPER CELLARS!

URGH.
TO THE KITCHENS!
ISN'T THIS PART OF THE LIBRARY?
THOSE NEWTS MUST'VE BEEN PART OF THE FLOOR, AND THE PINEAPPLE CUSTARD MAY ONCE HAVE BEEN BOOKS.
THAT APE LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE THE HEAD LIBRARIAN.
I WONDER WHAT THE CAST-IRON RANGE WAS TURNED INTO.
TO THE GREAT HALL!
THE KNUCKLES! THE HORRIBLE KNUCKLES!!!
SOMETHING'S TAKING SHAPE INSIDE IT.
NO MISTAKING IT.
GET ME SEERS, FARSEERS, SCRYERS AND WITHINLOOKMEN! I WANT THIS STUDIED!
IT'S THE UNIVERSE.


TO THE ROOF!

IT'S ALL OVER THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY.
AND ANKH-MORPORK.
AND US.
IT'S A CHANGE SPELL. THE WHOLE WORLD IS BEING CHANGED.
SOME PEOPLE WOULD HAVE THE DECENCY TO PUT AN EXCLAMATION POINT AT THE END OF A STATEMENT LIKE THAT.
THERE WAS THE FAINTEST OF PURE SOUNDS, HIGH AND SHARP, LIKE THE BREAKING OF A MOUSE'S HEART.
WHAT WAS THAT?
C-SHARP, I THINK.
EVERYTHING SEEMS EXACTLY THE SAME. ALL THAT, JUST TO MAKE THINGS STAY THE SAME?
I WONDER IF ANY OF THE GODS OWE ME ANY FAVORS?

IN FACT, THE GODS WERE AS PUZZLED BY ALL THIS AS THE WIZARDS WERE.
IN ANY CASE, THEY WERE ENGAGED IN AN EONS-OLD STRUGGLE WITH THE ICE GIANTS, WHO HAD REFUSED TO RETURN THE LAWNMOWER.
THE DISCWORLD'S GODS WERE QUARRELSOME AND SOMEWHAT BOURGEOIS LOT WHOSE IDEA OF AN UPLIFTING ARTISTIC EXPERIENCE WAS A MUSICAL DOORBELL.
BUT SOME CLUE AS TO WHAT ACTUALLY HAD HAPPENED MIGHT BE FOUND IN THE FACT THAT RINCEWIND SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF NOT DYING AFTER ALL.
HUH?
?!!
SNAP!
UFFNN!
WUMP
SOMEWHERE THERE HAS TO BE A LOGICAL CONNECTION- ONE MINUTE ONE HAPPENS TO BE DYING, AND THE NEXT ONE IS UPSIDE DOWN IN A TREE.
AS ALWAYS HAPPENED AT TIMES LIKE THIS, THE SPELL ROSE UP IN HIS MIND.

RINCEWIND PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY ANYWAY -- HE COULDN'T REMEMBER SPELLS AND SMOKING MADE HIM FEEL ILL --
BUT WHAT HAD REALLY CAUSED TROUBLE WAS THAT BUSINESS ABOUT OPENING THE OCTAVO.
THE SPELL WASN'T A DEMANDING LODGER. IT JUST SAT THERE LIKE AN OLD TOAD AT THE BOTTOM OF A POND.
BUT WHENEVER RINCEWIND WAS FEELING REALLY TIRED OR VERY AFRAID IT TRIED TO GET ITSELF SAID.
NO ONE KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ONE OF THE EIGHT GREAT SPELLS WAS SAID BY ITSELF --
A WEIRD THOUGHT TO HAVE AFTER HAVING JUST FALLEN OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, BUT I'VE A FEELING THAT THE SPELL WANTS TO KEEP ME ALIVE.
SUITS ME.
WHAT SUITS YOU?
DID YOU SAY THAT?
YES.
AND THAT TOO?
YES.
--BUT IT WAS AGREED THAT THE BEST PLACE FROM WHICH TO WATCH THE EFFECTS WAS THE NEXT UNIVERSE.

OH.
I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THE FOREST, POSSIBLY, BY ANY CHANCE?
NO, I DON'T GET ABOUT MUCH.
ARE YOU MAGICAL?
NO ONE'S EVER SAID. I SUPPOSE SO.
I CAN'T BE TALKING TO A TREE. IF I WAS TALKING TO A TREE I'D BE MAD--
AND I'M NOT MAD, SO TREES CAN'T TALK.
GOODBYE!
HEY, DON'T GO.
A FEW MILES AWAY...
I WONDER WHERE MY LUGGAGE HAS GOT TO... OH WELL, I EXPECT IT'LL TURN UP SOON.

HELLO.
HI THERE.
NICE DAY.
HEY, HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT...
YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE ABOUT SQUIRRELS ?
I'LL PROBABLY END UP LIVING IN THESE WOODS FOREVER, SLEEPING ON LEAVES AND EATING... AND EATING...
WHATEVER THERE IS TO EAT IN WOODS. TREES NUTS AND BERRIES. I'LL HAVE TO --
RINCEWIND!
SIGH
UP TO NOW, I THOUGHT THE DAY COULDN'T POSSIBLY GET WORSE.
SIGH

RINCEWIND, DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO EAT IN THIS FOREST?
YES. US.
I'VE GOT SOME ACORNS, IF YOU LIKE.
BUT YOU JUST HEARD--
LOOK, IT'S ALL DOWN TO SIMPLE BIOLOGY, ISN'T IT?
IF YOU'RE GOING TO TALK YOU NEED THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT, LIKE LUNGS AND LIPS AND, AND--
VOCAL CHORDS.
RINCEWIND, THE TREE JUST SAID --
TREES CAN'T TALK. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THAT.
NO, NO GOOD TO EAT AT ALL.
WHY? ARE THE GILLS THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW? STEMS HAVEN'T GOT THE RIGHT KIND OF FLUTING?
YEAH, THEM.
WELL, THERE'S SOME BIG MUSHROOMS UNDER THAT BUSH.
CAN WE EAT THEM?
NO, IT'S THE LITTLE DOORS AND WINDOWS.
IT'S A DEAD GIVEAWAY.

THUNDER ROLLED ACROSS THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY AS THE EIGHT MOST POWERFUL WIZARDS ON THE DISCWORLD GATHERED.
WE ALL SOUGHT GUIDENCE AS TO THE EVENTS OF THIS MORNING.
CAN ANY AMONG US SAY HE RECEIVED IT?
THE DEMONS FROM THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS JUST LOOKED SHEEPISH AND SIDLED AWAY WHEN QUESTIONED.
MY MAGIC MIRROR CRACKED.
MY TAROT CARDS HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY GONE BLANK.
AND THEREFORE I PROPOSE THAT WE PERFORM...
THE RITE OF ASHK-ENTE!
HE'D HOPED FOR A RESPONSE ALONG THE LINES OF "NO, NOT THE RITE ASHK-ENTE! MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO MEDDLE WITH SUCH THINGS!"
GOOD IDEA.
SOUNDS RESONABLE.
GET ON WITH IT, THEN.

WELL?
I WAS AT A PARTY.
O CREATURE OF EARTH AND DARKNESS, WE DO CHARGE THEE TO ABJURE FROM--
YES, YES, I KNOW ALL THAT. WHY HAVE YOU SUMMONED ME?
ER...PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US WHAT HAPPENED THIS MORNING?
OH, AND I COMMAND THIS BY AZIMROTH, BY T'CHIKEL, BY--
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT--
QUITE A LOT OF THINGS HAPPENED THIS MORNING. PEOPLE WERE BORN, PEOPLE DIED, RIPPLES MADE INTERESTING PATTERNS IN THE SEA...
I MEANT ABOUT THE OCTAVO.
THAT? OH, THAT WAS JUST A READJUSTMENT OF REALITY.

I UNDERSTAND THE OCTAVO WAS ANXIOUS NOT TO LOSE THE EIGHTH SPELL. IT WAS DROPPING OFF THE EDGE OF THE DISC, APPARENTLY.
HOLD ON, HOLD ON... ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THE ONE *INSIDE* THE HEAD OF RINCEWIND?
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT WHEN A WIZARD *DIES* ALL THE SPELLS IN HIS HEAD GO *FREE*. WHY BOTHER? THE SPELL WOULD JUST *FLOAT BACK* EVENTUALLY.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT ALL THE SPELLS HAVE TO BE SAID TOGETHER NEXT HOGSWATCHNIGHT OR THE DISC WILL BE DESTROYED.
HANG ON. BY CHELILIKI AND ORIZONE AND SO FORTH, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *DESTROYED*?
IT'S AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.
THE *DISC* WILL BE WHAT?
DESTROYED.
LOOK, CAN I GO NOW? I LEFT MY DRINK.
SEEMS QUITE SELF-EXPLANATORY TO ME.

THAT'S ALL YOU CAN TELL US ?
YES.
BUT HOGSWATCHNIGHT IS ONLY TWO MONTHS AWAY!
YES.
AT LEAST YOU CAN TELL US WHERE RINCEWIND IS NOW!
THE FOREST OF SKUND, RIMWARDS OF THE RAMTOP MOUNTAINS.
NOW MAY I GO?
OH, YES, THANK YOU, YES...
UM, I HOPE IT'S A GOOD PARTY.
AT THE MOMENT IT IS--
--I THINK IT MIGHT GO DOWNHILL VERY QUICKLY AT MIDNIGHT.
WHY?
THAT'S WHEN THEY THINK I'LL BE TAKING MY MASK OFF.

WHAT!?
I SAID HE SHOULD HAVE A RED HAT, AND HE CERTAINLY OUGH TO BE CLEANER AND MORE SORT OF JOLLY.
LOOK, HE'S SIX INCHES HIGH AND LIVES IN A MUSHROOM! OF COURSE HE'S A BLOODY GNOME!
WE ONLY HAVE HIS WORD FOR IT. HE COULD BE A GOBLIN.
I'VE GOT SOME NEWT SORBET--
--LEFT OVER FROM YESTERDAY.
SOUNDS WONDERFUL.
MY NAME'S SWIRES. SAY, I KNOW WHERE THERE'S SOME FOOD FOR BIGGERS. SHELTER, TOO.
IT'S NOT FAR.
LOOKS LIKE SOME MAD WHITTLER'S BEEN TO WORK ON IT, AND CREATED TERRIBLE HAVOC BEFORE HE WAS DRAGGED AWAY.
HMMM... STRONG MAGICAL FIELD TOO.
THERE'S MAGIC ALL OVER THE PLACE. AN OLD WITCH USED TO LIVE HERE. MAGIC STILL KEEPS THE HOUSE GOING.

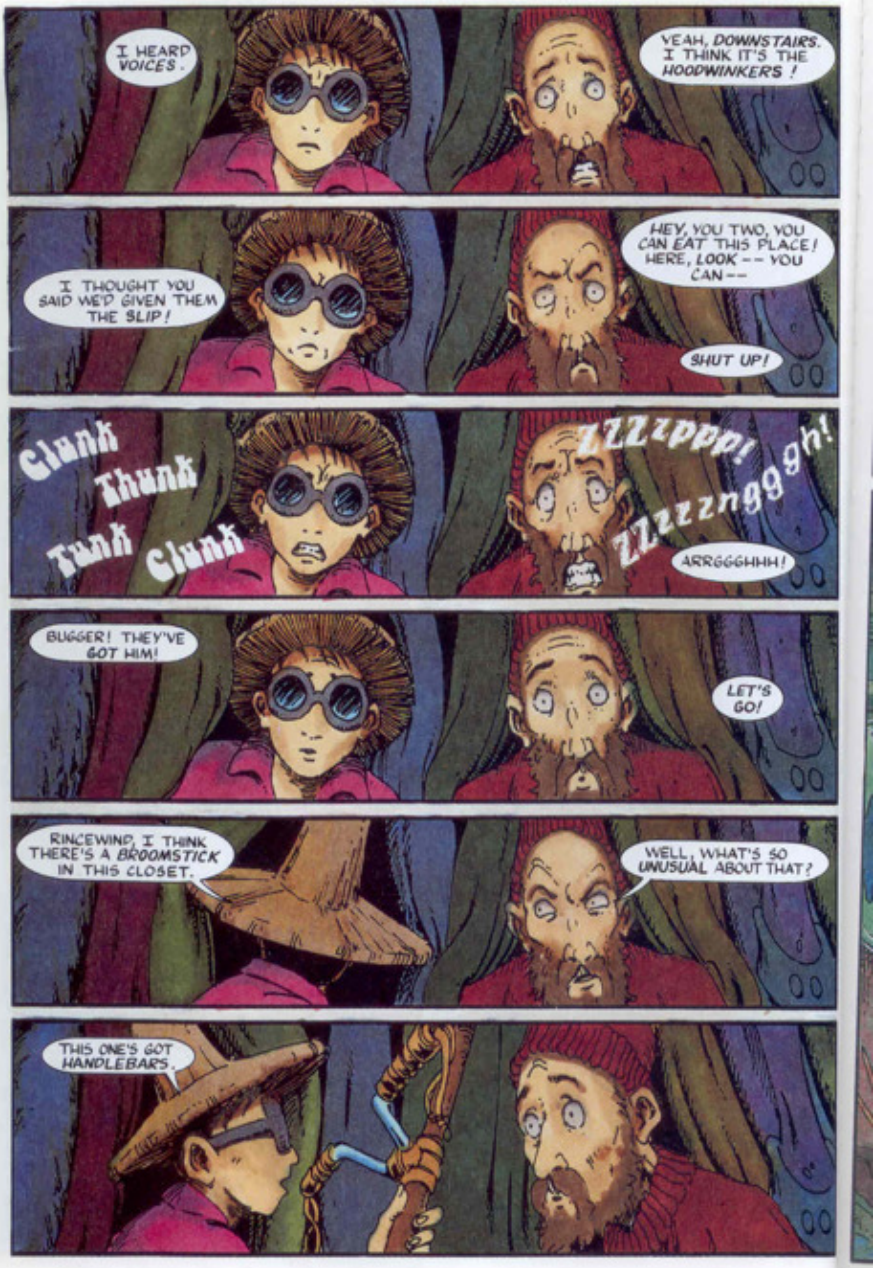
WHY WOULD A HOUSE NEED MAGIC TO KEEP IT GOING ?
IT'S ALL STICKY!
NOUGAT.
GOOD GRIEF! A REAL GINGERBREAD COTTAGE! RINCEWIND, A REAL--
YEAH, THE CONFECTIONARY SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE. IT NEVER CAUGHT ON.
THE GREAT DISC SPUN SLOWLY, AND DAYLIGHT POOLED IN HOLLOWS AND FINALLY DRAINED AWAY AS NIGHT FELL.
FAR AWAY, BUT SET AS IT WERE ON A COLLISION COURSE, THE GREATEST HERO THE DISC EVER PRODUCED WAS ENTIRELY UNAWARE OF THE ROLE THAT LAY IN STORE FOR HIM.
WHAT THEN ARE THE GREATEST THINGS A MAN MAY FIND IN LIFE ?

THE CRISP HORIZON OF THE STEPPE, THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR --
--A FRESH HORSE UNDER YOU.
THE CRY OF THE WHITE EAGLE IN THE HEIGHTS, THE FALL OF SNOW IN THE FOREST--
--A TRUE ARROW IN YOUR BOW.
SURELY IT IS THE SIGHT OF YOUR ENEMY SLAIN --
THE HUMILIATION OF HIS TRIBE AND THE LAMENTATION OF HIS WOMEN.
BUT OUR GUEST, WHOSE NAME IS LEGEND, MUST TELL US TRULY--WHAT IS GREATEST IN LIFE ?
WHAT SHAY ?
I SAID, WHAT IS IT THAT A MAN MAY CALL THE GREATEST THINGS IN LIFE ?
HOT WATER, GOOD DENTISHTRY AND SHOFT LAVATORY PAPER.

HAVE A BIT MORE TABLE.
NO THANKS, I DON'T LIKE MARZIPAN.
ANYWAY I'M NOT SURE IT'S RIGHT TO EAT OTHER PEOPLE'S FURNITURE.
DON'T WORRY. THE OLD WITCH HASN'T BEEN SEEN FOR YEARS. THEY SAY SHE WAS DONE UP GOOD AND PROPER BY A COUPLE YOUNG TEARAWAYS.
KIDS OF TODAY.
I BLAME THE PARENTS.
THIS CERTAINLY ISN'T VERY HEALTHY. I MEAN, WHY SWEETS? WHY NOT CRISPBREAD AND CHEESE? OR SALAMI?
SEARCH ME. OLD GRANNY WHITLOW JUST DID SWEETS. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER MERINGUES--
I HAVE. I LOOKED AT THE MATTRESSES...
→ COUGH!! ←
SHUT UP! THEY'LL HEAR US!

WHO WILL ? WE GAVE THE LADS FROM THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOODWINK THE SLIP IN THE SWAMP, AND THOSE IDIOTS FROM THE VENERABLE COUNCIL OF SEERS WENT THE WRONG WAY.
YEAH, BUT WHO KEEPS TALKING TO US ?
THEY SAY THIS IS A MAGIC WOOD, FULL OF GOBLINS AND WOLVES AND --
TREES.
YEAH.
RIGHT THEN. WE RUSH IN, WE GRAB THEM, WERE AWAY
OKAY ?
YOU SURE IT'S JUST PEOPLE ?
OF COURSE I'M SURE ! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, THREE BEARS ?
THERE COULD BE MONSTERS. THIS IS THE SORT OF WOOD THAT HAS MONSTERS.
AND TREES.
YEAH.

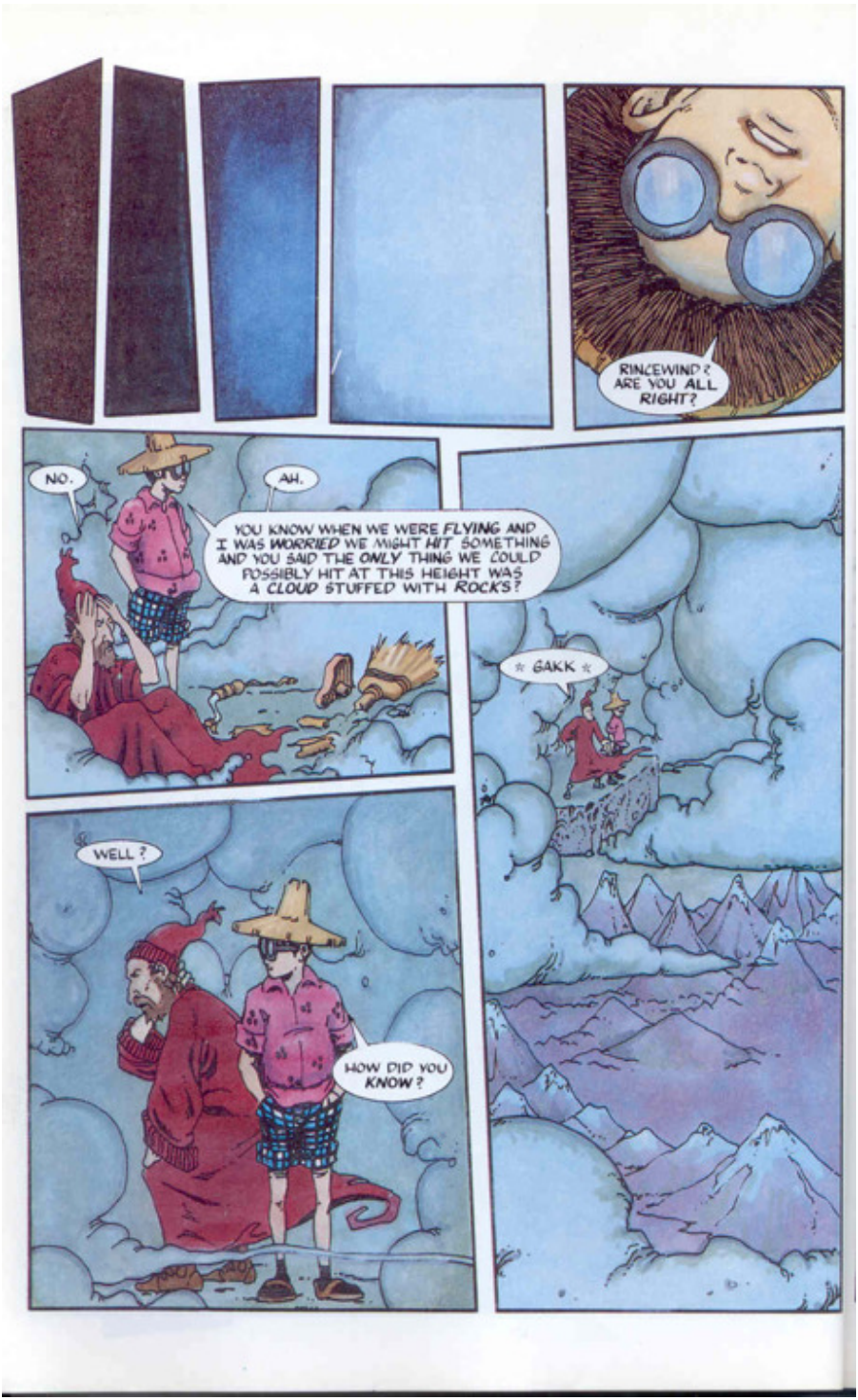
SOMEONE'S BEEN EATING MY BED.
I LIKE TOFFEE.
WHAT WAS THAT ?
WHICH ONE ? THE DISTINCTIVE SOUND OF A NOUGAT DOOR OPENING, OR THE BARLEY SUGAR WINDOW BEING SMASHED AS DELICATELY AS POSSIBLE ?
WHAT SHALL WE DO ?
PANIC ?
BYE, NOW!
HERE'S A CUPBOARD. QUICK, IN HERE !


I HEARD VOICES.
YEAH, DOWNSTAIRS. I THINK IT'S THE HOODWINKERS!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE'D GIVEN THEM THE SLIP!
HEY, YOU TWO, YOU CAN EAT THIS PLACE! HERE, LOOK -- YOU CAN --
SHUT UP!
Clunk
Thunk
Tunk
Clunk
ZZZzppp!
ZZzzzngggh!
ARRGGGHHH!
BUGGER! THEY'VE GOT HIM!
LET'S GO!
RINCEWIND, I THINK THERE'S A BROOMSTICK IN THIS CLOSET.
WELL, WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT?
THIS ONE'S GOT HANDLEBARS.

THE WITCH MUST'VE LEFT IT BEHIND! A GENUINE MAGIC BROOMSTICK!
WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE AFTER?
I DON'T KNOW--
--BUT I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA NOT TO FIND OUT.
ALL RIGHT, BUT I'LL DRIVE.
AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHEEEE!!!!!

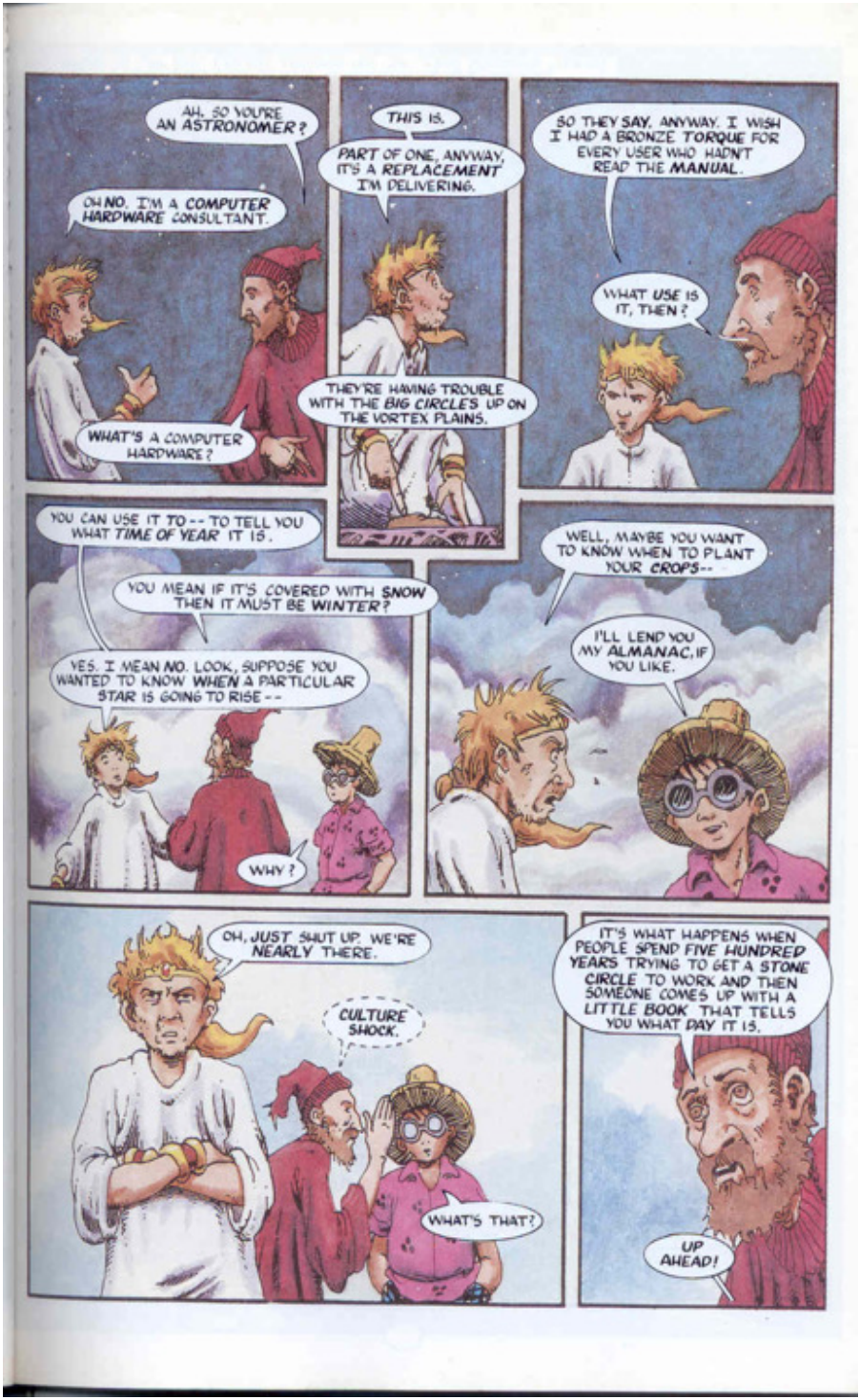
YOU SAID YOU COULD FLY ONE OF THESE THINGS!
NO I DIDN'T! I JUST SAID YOU COULDN'T!!
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE!
WHAT A COINCIDENCE!
ANYWAY YOU SAID-- LOOK AT THE SKY!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE STARS?!

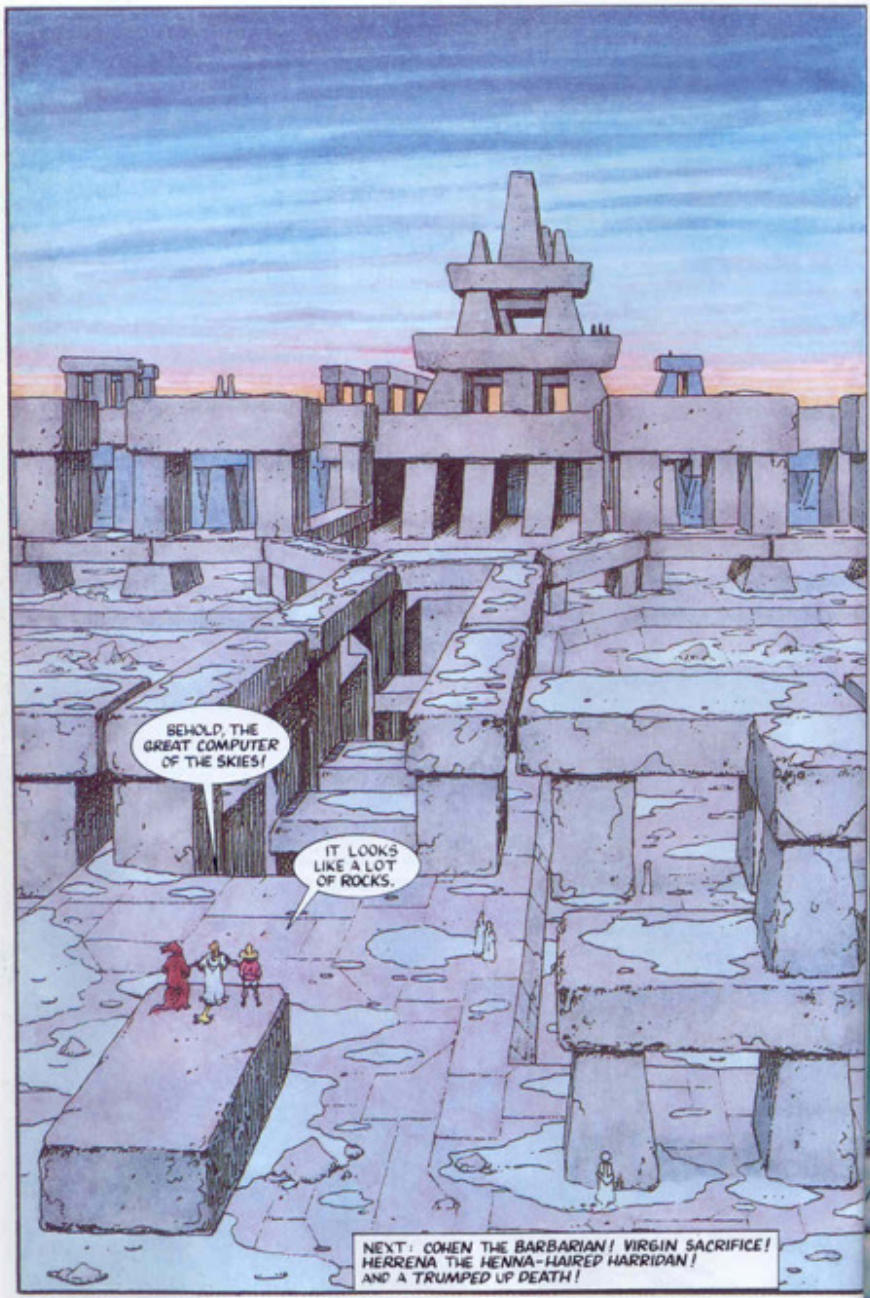
AND SO IT WAS THAT RINCEWIND AND TWOFLOWER BECAME THE FIRST TWO PEOPLE ON THE DISC TO SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HELD.
THE GODS OUGHT TO HAVE NOTICED TOO, BUT THEY WERE ENGAGED IN LITIGATION WITH THE ICE GIANTS, WHO HAD REFUSED TO TURN THEIR RADIO DOWN.
THAT BIG RED STAR!
WE'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR IT!
RINCEWIND KNEW PRECISELY WHAT TO DO IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.
AAAAAAAAA!!!

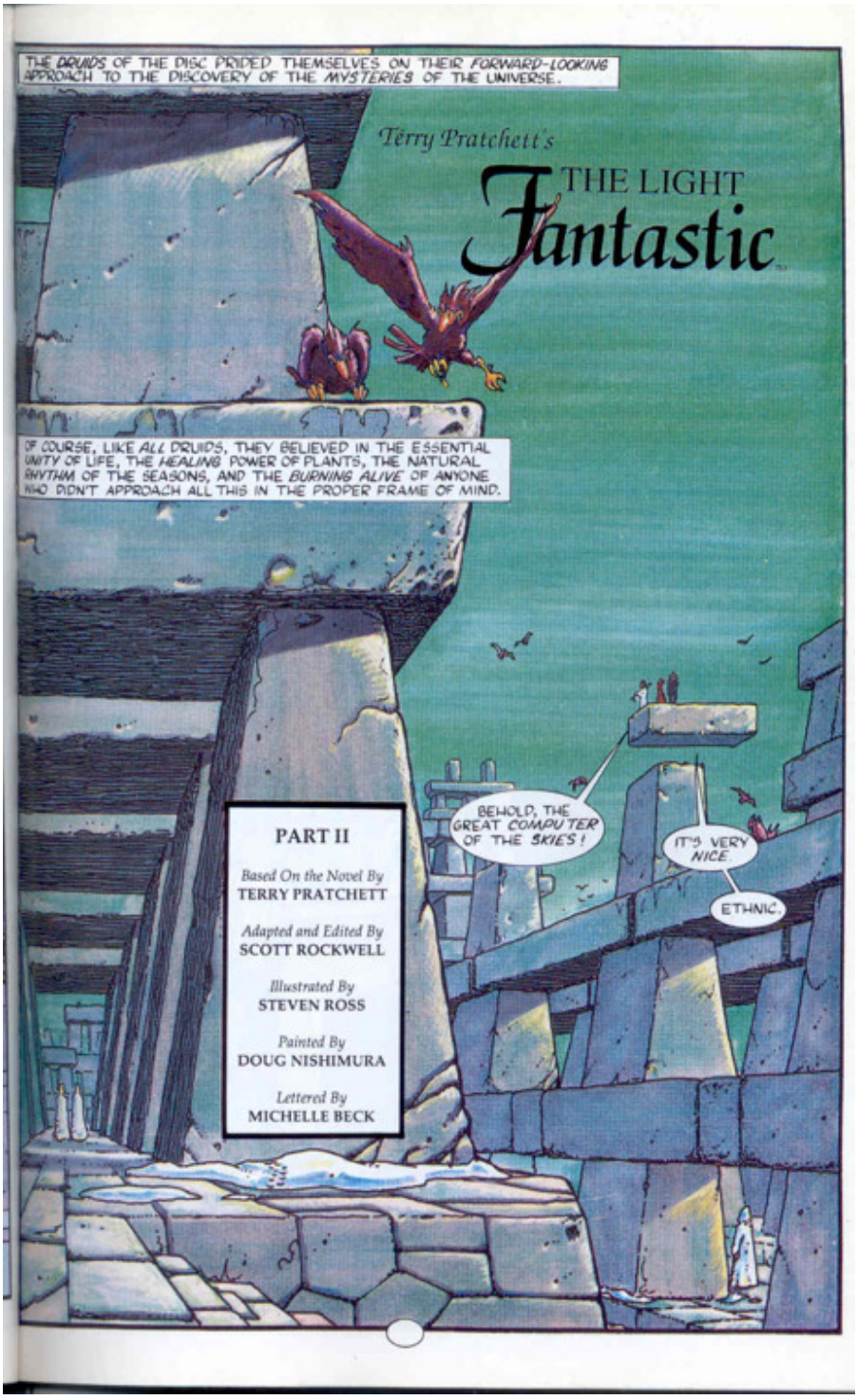

RINCEWIND? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO.
AH.
YOU KNOW WHEN WE WERE FLYING AND I WAS WORRIED WE MIGHT HIT SOMETHING AND YOU SAID THE ONLY THING WE COULD POSSIBLY HIT AT THIS HEIGHT WAS A CLOUD STUFFED WITH ROCKS?
* GAKK *
WELL?
HOW DID YOU KNOW?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
ROCKS DON'T FLY. THEY'RE NOTED FOR NOT DOING IT.
DO YOU SMELL BACON?
I HOPE IT'S BACON, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO EAT IT.
UM.
I WARN YOU, I SHALL DEAL HARSHLY WITH HIJACKER'S.
WE'LL HELP.
YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STEAL THE ROCK?
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU COULD STEAL ROCKS.
EXCUSE ME, I THINK YOUR BREAKFAST IS ON FIRE.
THE SHARED TRIUMPH OF ACTUALLY RESCUING A FEW PIECES OF BACON DID MORE GOOD THAN A WHOLE BOOK ON DIPLOMACY.
HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
WE'RE FIVE HUNDRED FEET UP, UNLESS I'VE GOT THE RUNES WRONG AGAIN.
WE SORT OF DROPPED IN AS WE WERE PASSING.
ON OUR WAY TO THE GROUND.

MY NAME'S BELAFON.
IT MUST BE MORNING BY NOW. SOD THE RULES,..
--I'M TAKING US UP.
HANG ON.
WHAT TO?
WELL, JUST INDICATE A GENERAL UNWILLINGNESS TO FALL OFF.
UM, WHAT'S KEEPING US UP?
PERSUASION. KEEPING THEM UP IS EASY. THE HARD PART IS LANDING.
PERSUASION IS WHAT KEEPS THE WHOLE UNIVERSE TOGETHER.
DON'T WORRY. IF YOU KEEP THINKING THE ROCK SHOULDN'T BE FLYING IT MIGHT HEAR YOU AND BECOME PERSUADED AND YOU'LL TURN OUT TO BE RIGHT.
IT'S OBVIOUS YOU AREN'T UP TO DATE WITH MODERN THINKING.


AH, SO YOU'RE AN ASTRONOMER?
OH NO. I'M A COMPUTER HARDWARE CONSULTANT.
WHAT'S A COMPUTER HARDWARE?
THIS IS.
PART OF ONE, ANYWAY, IT'S A REPLACEMENT I'M DELIVERING.
THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE BIG CIRCLES UP ON THE VORTEX PLAINS.
SO THEY SAY, ANYWAY. I WISH I HAD A BRONZE TORQUE FOR EVERY USER WHO HADN'T READ THE MANUAL.
WHAT USE IS IT, THEN?
YOU CAN USE IT TO -- TO TELL YOU WHAT TIME OF YEAR IT IS.
YOU MEAN IF IT'S COVERED WITH SNOW THEN IT MUST BE WINTER?
YES. I MEAN NO. LOOK, SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHEN A PARTICULAR STAR IS GOING TO RISE --
WHY?
WELL, MAYBE YOU WANT TO KNOW WHEN TO PLANT YOUR CROPS--
I'LL LEND YOU MY ALMANAC, IF YOU LIKE.
OH, JUST SHUT UP. WE'RE NEARLY THERE.
CULTURE SHOCK.
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE SPEND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS TRYING TO GET A STONE CIRCLE TO WORK AND THEN SOMEONE COMES UP WITH A LITTLE BOOK THAT TELLS YOU WHAT DAY IT IS.
UP AHEAD!


BEHOLD, THE GREAT COMPUTER OF THE SKIES!
IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF ROCKS.
NEXT: COHEN THE BARBARIAN! VIRGIN SACRIFICE! HERRENA THE HENNA-HAIRED HARRIDAN! AND A TRUMPED UP DEATH!


THE DRUIDS OF THE DISC PRIDED THEMSELVES ON THEIR FORWARD-LOOKING APPROACH TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.
Terry Pratchett's
THE LIGHT Fantastic
OF COURSE, LIKE ALL DRUIDS, THEY BELIEVED IN THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF LIFE, THE HEALING POWER OF PLANTS, THE NATURAL RHYTHM OF THE SEASONS, AND THE BURNING ALIVE OF ANYONE WHO DIDN'T APPROACH ALL THIS IN THE PROPER FRAME OF MIND.
BEHOLD, THE GREAT COMPUTER OF THE SKIES!
IT'S VERY NICE.
ETHNIC.
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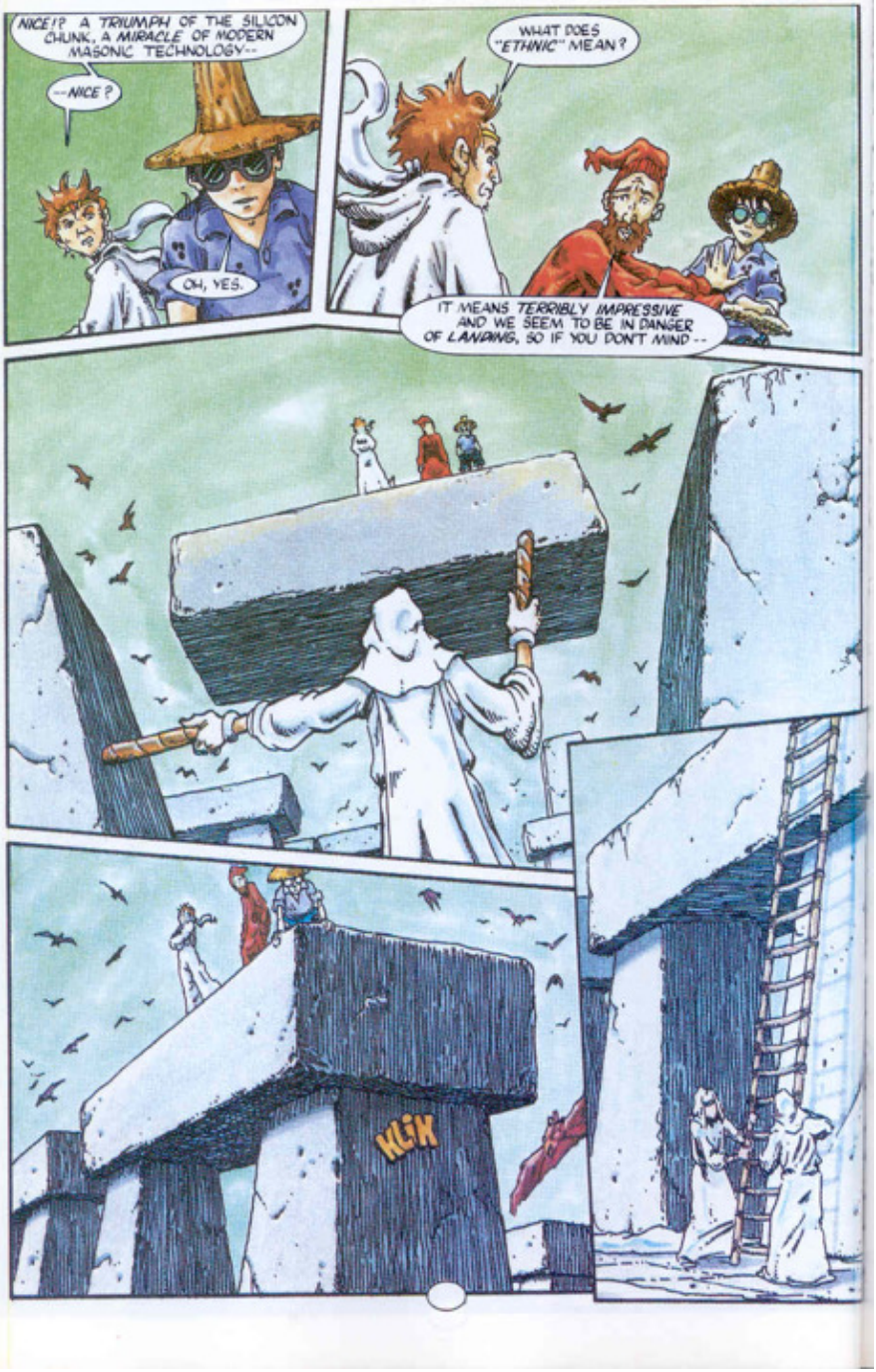
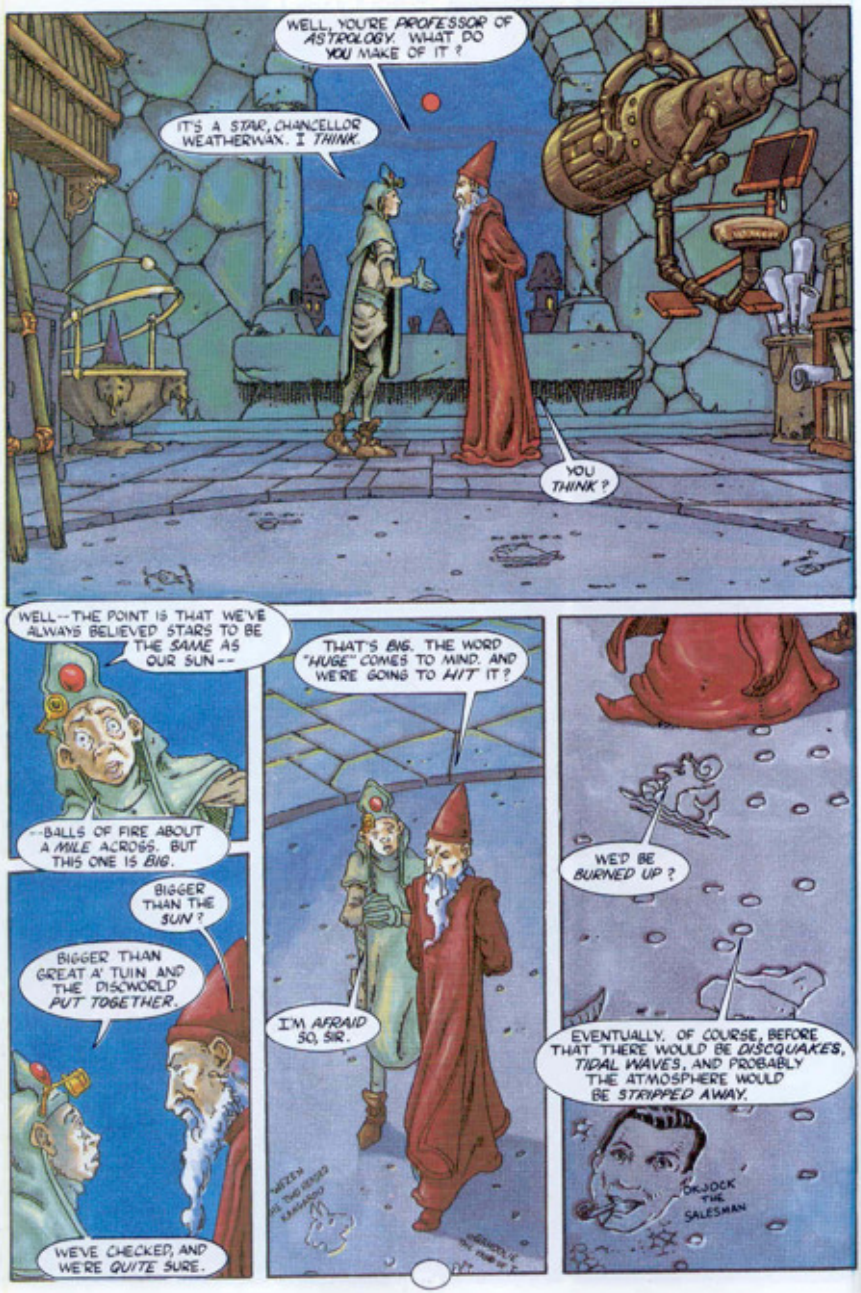
Lettered By
MICHELLE BECK


NICE!? A TRIUMPH OF THE SILICON CHUNK, A MIRACLE OF MODERN MASONIC TECHNOLOGY--
--NICE?
OH, YES.
WHAT DOES "ETHNIC" MEAN?
IT MEANS TERRIBLY IMPRESSIVE AND WE SEEM TO BE IN DANGER OF LANDING, SO IF YOU DON'T MIND --
KLIK

ABOUT BLOODY TIME. SEVEN WEEKS TO HOBSWATCHNIGHT AND IT'S GONE DOWN ON US AGAIN.
TODAY IT PREDICTED SUNRISE THREE MINUTES EARLY.
HELLO, ZAKRIAH.
CAN'T BE SOFTWARE INCOMPATABILITY-- THE CHANT OF THE TROODEN SPIRAL IS DESIGNED FOR CONCENTRIC RINGS...
ALL RIGHT, NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE STONES. IT'S JUST THAT THE UNIVERSE HAS GONE WRONG, RIGHT?
SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE UNIVERSE... THAT HORRIBLE RED STAR IN THE SKY... HOW DID I GET BACK ON THE DISC, ANYWAY... FEELING ANSWERS ARE INSIDE MY OWN HEAD... THE SPELL...
Rincewind?

UM, YES?
You ought to say "Where am I?"
WOULD I LIKE IT IF I KNEW?
ALL RIGHT, WHERE AM I?
You're dreaming.
CAN I WAKE UP NOW, PLEASE?
We have something important to tell you.
You've caused us a lot of trouble, young Rincewind. All this dropping over the edge of the world with no thought for other people.
We had to seriously distort reality, you know.
GOSH.
And now you have a very important task ahead of you.
OH, GOOD.
Many years ago we arranged for one of our number to hide in your head, because we could foresee a time when you would need to play an important role.
ME? WHY?
You run away a lot. That's good. You're a survivor.

SURVIVOR? I'VE NEARLY BEEN KILLED DOZENS OF TIMES!
See?
But try not to fall off the Disc again. We really can't have that.
WHO ARE "WE", ANYWAY?
In the beginning was the word...
It was the egg. I distinctly remember. The Great Egg of the Universe. Slightly rubbery.
You're both wrong. I'm sure it was primordial slime.
No that came afterwards. There was the firmament first. Rather sticky, like candyfloss. Syrupy, in fact--
In case anyone's interested, you're all wrong. In the beginning was the clearing of the throat--
--then the word--
Pardon me. The slime--
Distinctly rubbery, I thought--
WOULD YOU KINDLY EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
So much for metaphor. Look, it's very important you safeguard the spell in your head and bring it back to us at the right time.
So that when the moment is precisely right we can be said.
"WE CAN BE SAID?"
I'M IN THE OCTAVO?
In certain metaphysical respects...


WELL, YOU'RE PROFESSOR OF ASTROLOGY. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
IT'S A STAR, CHANCELLOR WEATHERWAX. I THINK.
YOU THINK?
WELL--THE POINT IS THAT WE'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED STARS TO BE THE SAME AS OUR SUN--
--BALLS OF FIRE ABOUT A MILE ACROSS. BUT THIS ONE IS BIG.
BIGGER THAN THE SUN?
BIGGER THAN GREAT A' TUIN AND THE DISCWORLD PUT TOGETHER.
WE'VE CHECKED, AND WE'RE QUITE SURE.
THAT'S BIG. THE WORD "HUGE" COMES TO MIND. AND WE'RE GOING TO HIT IT?
I'M AFRAID SO, SIR.
WE'D BE BURNED UP?
EVENTUALLY, OF COURSE, BEFORE THAT THERE WOULD BE DISCQUAKES, TIDAL WAVES, AND PROBABLY THE ATMOSPHERE WOULD BE STRIPPED AWAY.
DR. JOCK THE SALESMAN

WE CAN'T FIND RINCEWIND, WHICH MEANS WE CAN'T FIND THE EIGHTH SPELL. BUT WE BELIEVE THAT THE OCTAVO HAS TO BE READ TO AVERT CATASTROPHE.
IMMEDIATELY, A COURSE OF ACTION SUGGESTS ITSELF
AND THAT COURSE IS ?
ALL WE NEED TO DO IS CAST RINCEWIND'S EXACT HOROSCOPE AND WE'LL KNOW PRECISELY WHERE HE IS.
I SHALL NEED TO KNOW HIS PRECISE PLACE AND TIME OF BIRTH.
THE CELESTIAL COW
THE TWO FAT COUSINS
SOON...
FASCINATING CHART. BIT STRANGE, REALLY. HE WAS BORN UNDER THE SMALL BORING GROUP OF STARS, BETWEEN THE FLYING MOOSE AND THE KNOTTED STRING...
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW THE MECHANICAL DETAILS. JUST GIVE ME HIS HOROSCOPE.
"TODAY IS A GOOD TIME FOR MAKING FRIENDS. A GOOD DEED MAY HAVE UNFORSEEN CONSEQUENCES. DON'T UPSET ANY DRUIDS. YOU WILL SOON BE GOING ON A VERY STRANGE JOURNEY. YOUR LUCKY FOOD IS SMALL CUCUMBERS. P.S., WE REALLY MEAN IT ABOUT THE DRUIDS."
DRUIDS ? I WONDER...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?
I WANT TO LEAVE HERE ! RIGHT NOW!
BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ANCIENT AND TRADITIONAL CEREMONY !
I DON'T CARE HOW ANCIENT! I WANT THE OLD FAMILIAR CESSPITS, I WANT TO GO WHERE THERE'S LOTS OF PEOPLE AROUND!
I WANT FIRES AND ROOFS AND WALLS AND FRIED FISH AND LITTLE PICKLED GHERKINS!
I WANT TO GO HOME! PICKLED GHERKINS, I HEAR YOU CALLING !

I WANT TO GO HOME!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OKAY.
NO, DON'T TRY AND TALK ME OUT OF IT, I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S BEEN GREAT FUN BUT I CAN'T, AND -- WHAT?
I SAID OKAY. I'D QUITE LIKE TO SEE ANKH-MORPORK AGAIN. I EXPECT THEY'VE REBUILT QUITE A LOT OF IT BY NOW.
ONLY, I THINK WE'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL MORNING. IT'S FREEZING COLD, WE REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE, THE LUGGAGE HAS GONE MISSING, IT'S GETTING DARK...
WHAT'S GOING ON?

OH, APPARENTLY THERE'S THIS CEREMONY DATING BACK THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO CELEBRATE THE, UM, REBIRTH OF THE MOON...
...OR POSSIBLY THE SUN. NO, I'M PRETTY SURE IT WAS THE MOON. APPARENTLY, IT'S VERY SOLEMN AND BEAUTIFUL AND INVESTED WITH QUIET DIGNITY.
LOOK, DRUIDS ARE PRIESTS. REMEMBER THAT. DON'T DO ANYTHING TO UPSET THEM.
DON'T OFFER TO BUY THE STONES, DON'T START TALKING ABOUT QUAINT NATIVE FOLKWAYS, REALLY DON'T TRY TO SELL THEM INSURANCE!
BUT PRIESTS ARE GOOD, KIND MEN! AT HOME THEY GO AROUND WITH BEGGING BOWLS. IT'S THEIR ONLY POSSESSION.
AH. THIS WOULD BE FOR PUTTING THE BLOOD IN, RIGHT?
YES, FROM SACRIFICES. LOOK, THE DEFINITION OF A PRIEST IN THE CIRCLE SEA AREA IS SOMEONE WHO SPENDS A LOT OF TIME GORY TO THE ARMPITS.
BLOOD?
IS SHE A DRUIDESS?
I DON'T... THINK... SO...

I THINK CEREMONIES LIKE THIS HARK BACK TO A PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY WHICH--
YES, YES, BUT THEY'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE HER, IF YOU MUST KNOW.
KILL HER? WHY?
DON'T ASK ME. TO MAKE THE CROPS GROW OR THE MOON RISE OR SOMETHING. OR MAYBE THEY'RE JUST KEEN ON KILLING PEOPLE.
THAT'S RELIGION FOR YOU.
FACE IT, ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT THE GOLDEN BOUGHS AND CYCLES OF NATURE JUST BOILS DOWN TO SEX AND VIOLENCE.
USUALLY, AT THE SAME TIME
IT'S NO USE YOU--
I SAY! EXCUSE ME, CAN I HAVE A WORD?
?!

NOT A SHOUND, OR YOU ISH A DEAD MAN. TELL ME WHAT THAT OTHER IPIOT ISH DOING.
HIS NAME'S TWOFLOWER. HE'S NOT FROM AROUND HERE.
HE HASH GOT GUTS, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT.
DO EXSHACTLY WHAT I SHAY AND IT ISH POSHIBLE HE WON'T END UP WITH THEM WRAPPED AROUND A SHTONE.
URRRRR...
YOU EVER DONE THISH SHORT OF THING BEFORE?
WHAT SORT OF THING?
RUSHED INTO A TEMPLE,
KILLED THE PRIESTS,
SHTOLEN THE GOLD AND...
RESHCUED THE GIRL?
YOU DO IT LIKE THIS.
SLICE
BLOOSH
SPICH
SKLICK!
RIIIP
KRIK
THUD

LET'S GO.
SHOULDN'T WE HELP?
WE'D JUST GET IN THE WAY. YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER WHEN YOU'RE BUSY.
AT LEAST WE CAN RESCUE THE YOUNG LADY.
ALL RIGHT, BUT GET A MOVE ON!
IT'S ALL RIGHT--
IT BLOODY WELL ISN'T! WHY DO PEOPLE GO AND SPOIL THINGS?!
UM, WE JUST SAVED YOU FROM CERTAIN DEATH.
IT'S NOT EASY KEEPING YOURSELF--I MEAN STAYING... NOT LOSING YOUR QUALIFICATIONS.
QUALIFICATIONS?
I COULD HAVE BEEN UP THERE WITH THE MOON GODDESS, DRINKING MEAD OUT OF A SILVER BOWL!
EIGHT YEARS OF STAYING HOME ON SATURDAY NIGHTS RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN!
DUCK!
UNHHGH!

MY LUMBAGO ISH GIVING ME GYP. YOU CAN CARRY THE TREASURE.
SHLOPP
WHO'SH THE GIRL?
SHE WON'T LET US RESCUE HER.
BUGGER THAT.
KRI;;K!
AKK! MY ARTHRITIS!

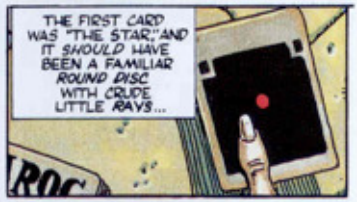
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU DAFT BITCSH --HELP ME UP.
HMMM...THE GRAZE ON HIS TEMPLE ISN'T DEEP, BUT HIS BREATHING IS SHALLOW AND-- STRANGE.
HE'S WEIGHTLESS!
DRUIDS ARE SAID TO USE SOME STRANGE AND TERRIBLE POISONS.
GOT EVERYTHING? LET'SH GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY COME BACK.

WHO ARE YOU?
BETHAN.
I MEANT HIM.
COHEN ISH MY NAME, BOY.
COHEN?
COHEN THE BARBARIAN?
HANG ON, COHEN'S A GREAT BIG CHAP, NECK LIKE A BULL, GOT CHEST MUSCLES LIKE A SACK OF FOOTBALLS. I MEAN, HE'S THE DISC'S GREATEST WARRIOR, A LEGEND IN HIS OWN LIFETIME.
I REMEMBER MY GRANDAD TELLING ME HOW HE SAW HIM... MY GRANDAD TELLING... MY GRANDAD...
OH. OH, OF COURSE. SORRY.
YESH. I'M A LIFETIME IN MY OWN LEGEND.
HOW OLD ARE YOU?
EIGHTY-SHEVEN. EIGHTY YEARSH IN THE BUSINESS AND WHAT HAVE I GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?
BACKACHE, PILESH, BAD DIGESTION AND A HUNDRED DIFFERENT RECIPES FOR SHOOP!
SHOOP?
SOUP.
YESH, SHOOP. IT'SH MY TEETHS. NO ONE TAKES YOU SHERIOUSLY WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO TEETHSH.

HE'SH GONE.
DEAD?
NO, NOT EXSHACTLY. JUSHT-- GONE.
GONE WHERE?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT I THINK I KNOW SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE A MAP. COME ON.
RINCEWIND'S NOT FAR AWAY.
LISTEN!
I HEAR IT NOW. DISTANT CRUNCHING, LIKE SOMETHING MOVING OVER THE SNOW CRUST.
WOLVES?
N-NO, IT'S TOO REGULAR. PERHAPS--

A NECROMANCER!

WHAT'S NECK ROMANCE?
NECROMANCY. TALKING TO THE DEAD.
ANYWAY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN CAROC CARDS. ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT IT BEING THE DISTILLED WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE IS A LOAD OF RUBBISH.


THE FIRST CARD WAS "THE STAR," AND IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A FAMILIAR ROUND DISC WITH CRUDE LITTLE RAYS...

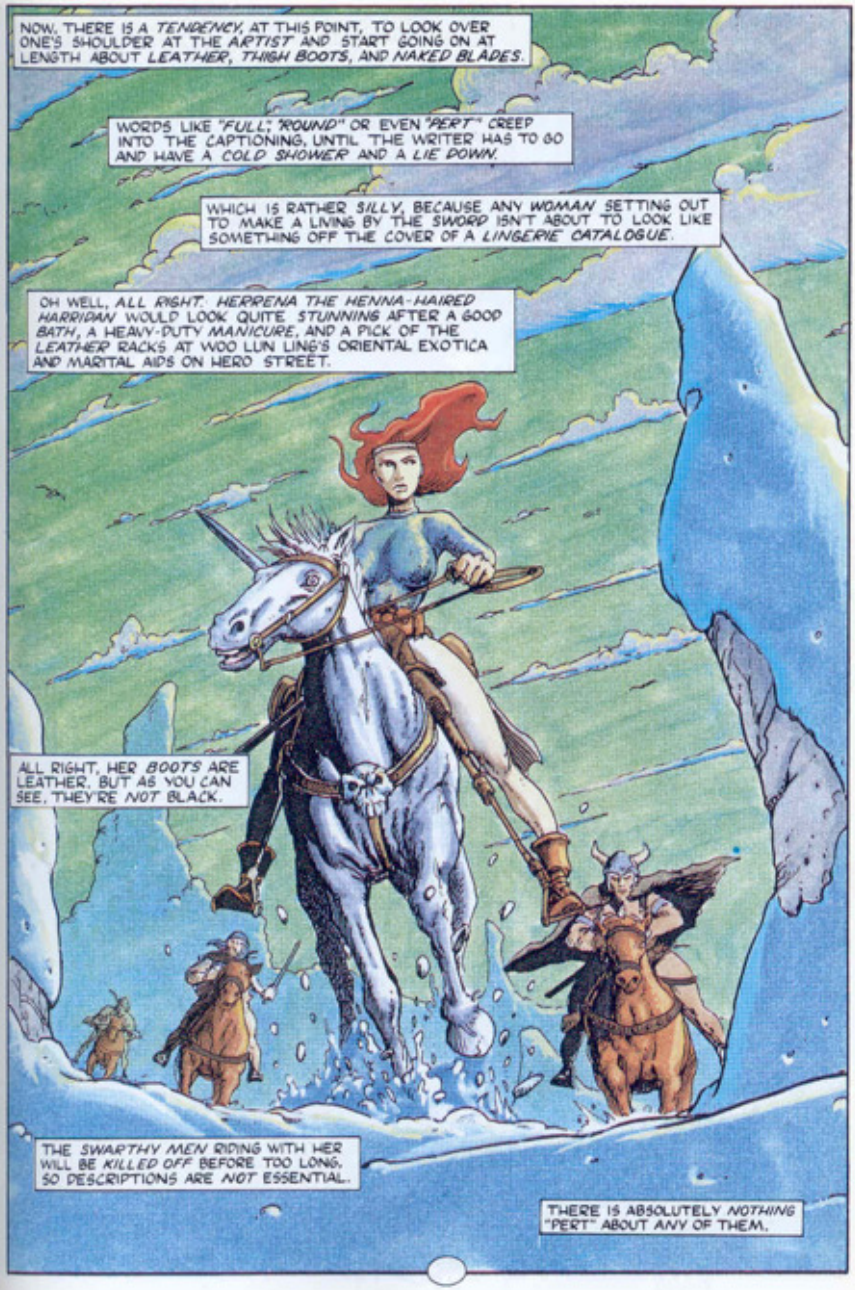
NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

THE LUGGAGE WILL FOLLOW IT'S OWNER ANYWHERE.
DOES THAT MEAN HE'S REALLY DEAD?

SHE SHAYS IT'S A SORT OF MEDICINE. I SHOULD DRINK IT IF I WERE YOU. THESE PEOPLE GET A BIT UPSHET IF YOU DON'T ACCSHEPT HOSHPITALITY.
UM. ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT AT ALL BA--

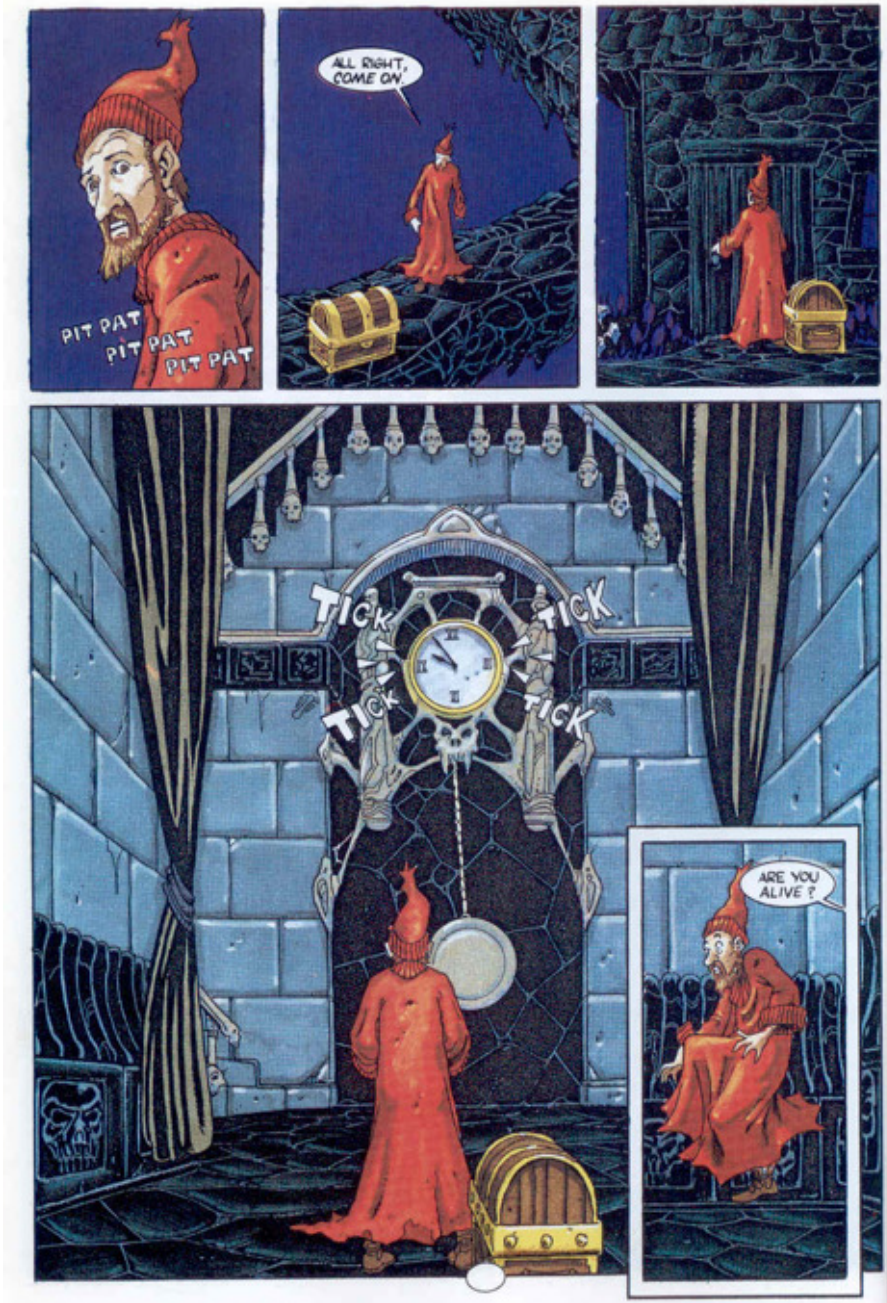
WE CANNOT FIND RINCEWIND. THAT'S THE CASE, ISN'T IT? I'M SURE WE'VE ALL TRIED, PRIVATELY.
I TRIED SCRYING.
IS THAT ALL? I'VE SENT DEMONS.
I'VE SENT FAMILIARS.
I'VE LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR OF OVERSIGHT.
I'VE SPOKEN TO THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.
WELL, I'VE QUESTIONED THE VERY BONES OF THE COUNTRY, YEA, AND THE DEEP STONES AND THE MOUNTAINS THEREOF.
YES, WITH BELLS ON, I EXPECT.
I NEVER SAID THEY ANSWERED, DID I?
NONE OF US WAS ABLE TO FIND RINCEWIND BECAUSE WE RELIED ON MAGIC, BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE'S SOMEHOW HIDDEN FROM MAGIC.
BUT HE CAN'T HIDE HIS FOOTPRINTS.
YOU HIRED A TRACKER?
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.
A HERO!?

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT WARRIORS AND WIZARDS DO NOT GET ALONG.
THEY ARE A COLLECTION OF BLOODTHIRSTY IDIOTS WHO CAN'T WALK AND THINK AT THE SAME TIME.
WE TEND TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF ANY BODY OF MEN WHO MUMBLE A LOT AND WEAR LONG DRESSES.
Heroes
Wizards
OH, IF WE'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, THEN, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE STUDDED COLLARS AND OILED MUSCLES DOWN AT THE YOUNG MEN'S PAGAN ASSOCIATION?
THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD ALLEGATION COMING FROM A BUNCH OF WIMPSOES WHO WON'T GO NEAR A WOMAN ON ACCOUNT, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, OF THEIR MYSTICAL POWER BEING SORT OF DRAINED OUT!
Heroes
Wizards
RIGHT, THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT! YOU AND YOUR LEATHER POSING POUCHES...
OH YEAH? WHY DON'T YOU...
AND SO ON. THIS SORT OF THING HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR CENTURIES, AND CAUSED A NUMBER OF MAJOR BATTLES--
--WHICH HAVE LEFT LARGE TRACTS OF LAND UNINHABITABLE BECAUSE OF MAGICAL HARMONICS.
IN FACT, THE HERO AT THIS MOMENT GALLOPING TOWARDS THE VORTEX PLAINS DIDN'T GET INVOLVED IN THIS KIND OF ARGUEMENT.
MAINLY BECAUSE THIS PARTICULAR HERO WAS A HEROINE. A RED-HEADED ONE.


NOW, THERE IS A TENDENCY, AT THIS POINT, TO LOOK OVER ONE'S SHOULDER AT THE ARTIST AND START GOING ON AT LENGTH ABOUT LEATHER, THIGH BOOTS, AND NAKED BLADES.
WORDS LIKE "FULL," "ROUND" OR EVEN "PERT" CREEP INTO THE CAPTIONING, UNTIL THE WRITER HAS TO GO AND HAVE A COLD SHOWER AND A LIE DOWN.
WHICH IS RATHER SILLY, BECAUSE ANY WOMAN SETTING OUT TO MAKE A LIVING BY THE SWORD ISN'T ABOUT TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OFF THE COVER OF A LINGERIE CATALOGUE.
OH WELL, ALL RIGHT. HERRENA THE HENNA-HAIRED HARRIDAN WOULD LOOK QUITE STUNNING AFTER A GOOD BATH, A HEAVY-DUTY MANICURE, AND A PICK OF THE LEATHER RACKS AT WOO LUN LING'S ORIENTAL EXOTICA AND MARITAL AIDS ON HERO STREET.
ALL RIGHT, HER BOOTS ARE LEATHER. BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY'RE NOT BLACK.
THE SWARTHY MEN RIDING WITH HER WILL BE KILLED OFF BEFORE TOO LONG, SO DESCRIPTIONS ARE NOT ESSENTIAL.
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING "PERT" ABOUT ANY OF THEM.

PITY THAT THIS LOT WAS ALL THAT I COULD HIRE IN MORPORK, WHAT WITH EVERYONE MOVING OUT AND HEADING FOR THE HILLS...
THAT DAMNED RED STAR...
THIS RINCEWIND THAT GALDER DESCRIBED IS A RAT, AND RATS LIKE COVER...
ONWARD!
TO THE TROLLBONE MOUNTAINS!
RINCEWIND KNEW HE OUGHT TO BE PANICKING, BUT THAT WAS DIFFICULT BECAUSE EMOTIONS LIKE PANIC AND TERROR ARE ALL TO DO WITH STUFF SLOSHING AROUND IN GLANDS.
ALL OF RINCEWIND'S GLANDS WERE STILL IN HIS BODY.

IT WASN'T A PARTICULARLY GOOD BODY, BUT ONE OR TWO BITS OF IT HAVE SENTIMENTAL VALUE.
IF THIS LITTLE BLUE LINE SNAPS I'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LI-- EXSISTANCE HANGING AROUND OUINA BOARDS PRETENDING TO BE PEOPLE'S DEAD AUNTIES...
...AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS LOST SOULS DO TO PASS THE TIME.
ARE YOU SURE THOSE WERE MUSHROOMS IN THE STEW? I FEEL A BIT--
THERE'S A LOVELY VIEW IF YOU LEAN OVER THIS--
DON'T FUSS, IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH--
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE POINTING THAT BOW, YOU NEARLY--
AROUND HERE THE WIND REALLY DOES WHISPER...


PIT PAT
PIT PAT
PIT PAT
ALL RIGHT, COME ON
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
ARE YOU ALIVE ?

OH. UM... SOMETIMES I'M NOT SO SURE. WHAT IS THIS PLACE ?
THIS IS THE HOUSE OF DEATH.
AH. WELL, NICE TO MEET YOU, I THINK I OUGHT TO BE GETTING ALONG--
OH, YOU MUSTN'T GO! WE DON'T OFTEN HAVE LIVING PEOPLE HERE. DEAD PEOPLE ARE SO BORING.
IT'S ALWAYS "WHEN I WAS ALIVE" AND "WE REALLY KNEW HOW TO BREATHE IN MY DAY"
MY NAME'S YSABELL. WHAT'S YOURS ?
RINCEWIND.
UM, IF THIS IS THE HOUSE OF DEATH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ? YOU DON'T LOOK DEAD TO ME.
OH, I LIVE HERE. I SAY, YOU HAVEN'T COME TO RESCUE YOUR LOST LOVE, HAVE YOU ? THAT ALWAYS ANNOYS DADDY.
HE SAYS IT'S A GOOD JOB HE NEVER SLEEPS, BECAUSE IF HE DID HE'D BE KEPT AWAKE BY THE TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP OF YOUNG HEROES COMING HERE TO CARRY BACK A LOT OF SILLY GIRLS, HE SAYS.
GOES ON A LOT, DOES IT?
ALL THE TIME. I THINK IT'S VERY ROMANTIC. ONLY WHEN YOU LEAVE, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT NOT TO LOOK BACK.
UM, WELL--I JUST CAME TO LOOK FOR A FRIEND OF MINE.
LITTLE FAT MAN, FUNNY CLOTHES, TALKS A LOT, WEARS EYEGLASSES--
DID YOU SAY "DADDY?"

ADOPTED, ACTUALLY. HE FOUND ME WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. IT WAS ALL RATHER SAD.
COME AND MEET HIM --HE'S GOT FRIENDS IN TONIGHT.
SORRY, HAVE I GOT IT RIGHT? DEATH, YES? TALL, THIN, EMPTY EYE SOCKETS, HANDY IN THE SCYTHE DEPARTMENT?
SIGH
YES. HIS LOOKS ARE AGAINST HIM, I'M AFRAID.
WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING THAT AGAIN?
WELL, IF YOU RETURN ANYTHING EXCEPT A TRUMP, SOUTH WILL BE ABLE TO GET HIS TWO RUFFS, LOSING ONLY ONE TURTLE, ONE ELEPHANT AND ONE MAJOR ARCANA, THEN--
THAT'S TWOFLOWER!
PESTILENCE IS SOUTH?
OH, COME ON, MORT. HE EXPLAINED THAT. WHAT IF FAMINE HAD PLAYED A-- WHAT, A TRUMP RETURN?
AH, THEN YOU'D ONLY BE ABLE TO RUFF ONE TURTLE INSTEAD OF TWO.
I DIDN'T QUITE FOLLOW THAT. TELL ME ABOUT PSYCHIC BIDS AGAIN. I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING THE HANG OF THAT.

THAT'S WHEN YOU MAKE A BID PRIMARILY TO DECEIVE YOUR OPPONENTS, BUT IT MIGHT CAUSE PROBLEMS FOR YOUR PARTNER--
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ANY OF THAT?
NOT A WORD.
IT SOUNDS AWFULLY COMPLICATED.
DID YOU SAY HUMANS PLAY THIS FOR FUN?
BUT THEY ONLY LIVE FOR EIGHTY OR NINETY YEARS!
You should know, Mort.
DEAL AGAIN AND LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT.

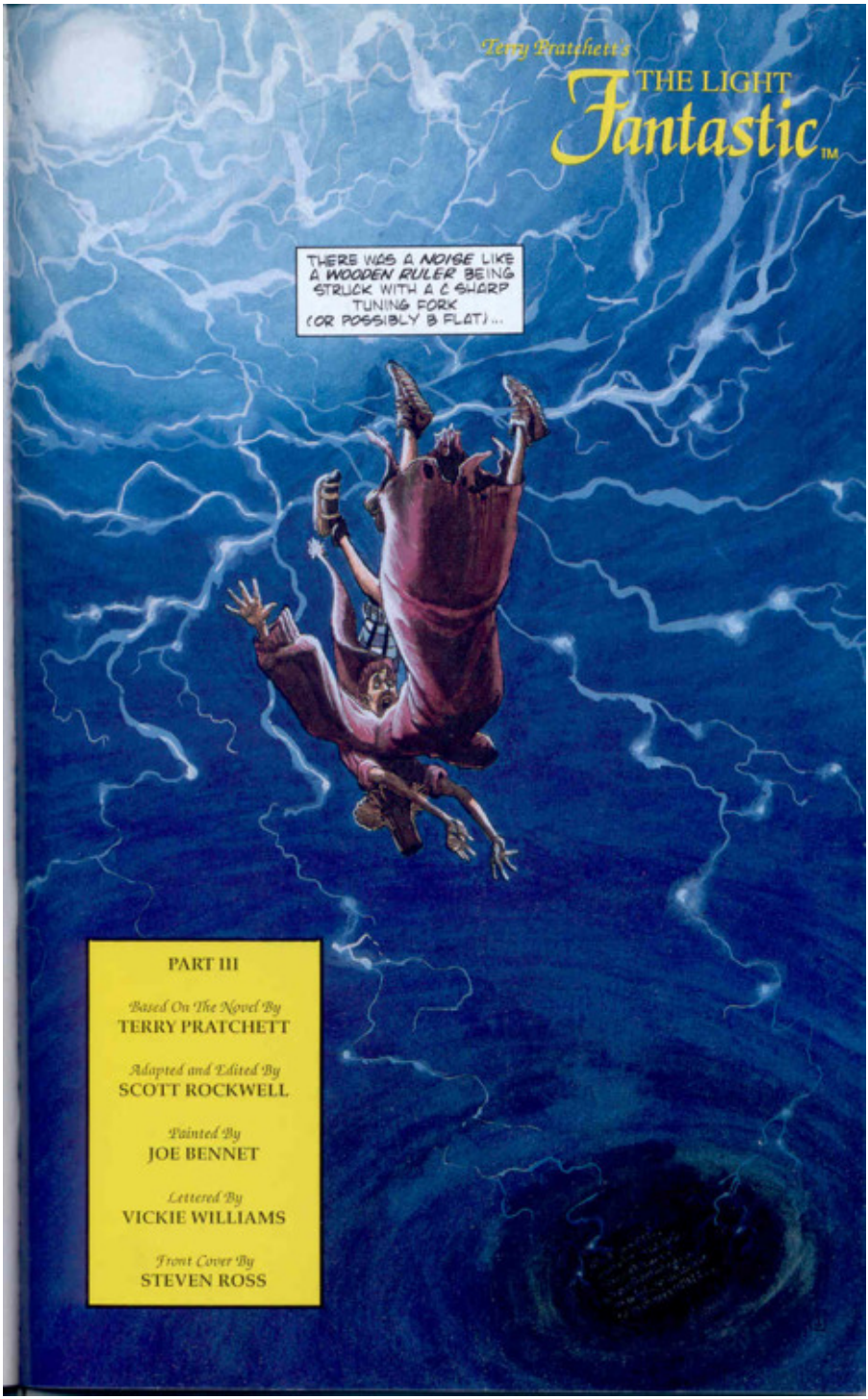
HEY. HOW DID YOU GET HERE? HAVE YOU GOT THE LUGGAGE?
GREAT!
AH, HERE...
IT'S NOSEHINGER ON THE LAWS OF CONTRACT. IT'S QUITE GOOD AND THERE'S A LOT ABOUT DOUBLE FINESSING AND HOW--
RIGHT. PESTILENCE, OPEN ANOTHER PACK OF CARDS. I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IF IT KILLS ME.
FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, OF COURSE.

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
WELL, THEY'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME AND I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT ENJOY IT.
WHAT, PLAYING WITH CARDS?
IT'S A SPECIAL KIND OF PLAYING...
IT'S CALLED--IN YOUR LANGUAGE, IT'S CALLED A THING YOU PUT ACROSS A RIVER, FOR EXAMPLE. I THINK.
AQUEDUCT? WEIR? FISHING LINE? DAM?
YES, POSSIBLY. WHAT AN AMAZING CLOCK.
COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
OH, I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING!
DADDY SEEMS PREOCCUPIED AT THE MOMENT, BUT I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T LET YOU GO OFF JUST LIKE THAT.

BESIDES, I'D HAVE NO ONE TO TALK TO.
WHO'S THIS ?
SHE SORT OF LIVES HERE. SHE'S SORT OF A GIRL.
CHARMED, I'M SURE. VERY NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE. INTERESTING BAROQUE EFFECT WITH THE BONES AND SKULLS.
YES, BUT WE MUST BE GOING.
I REALLY WON'T HEAR OF IT. YOU MUST STAY AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELVES. THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME AND IT'S SO BORING HERE.

SNAP!
GOSH, SHE--
THWAPK!
ALL I NEED TO DO IS FOLLOW THE BLUE LIFELINE BACK... I HOPE.
DON'T LOOK BACK, DON'T LOOK BACK...
I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO JUMP, BUT I JUST AS CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO FACE WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S COMING UP BEHIND ME.
WELL, THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN BEING DEAD.
NAME TWO.

THAT ALWAYS ANNOYS ME. I MIGHT AS WELL INSTALL A REVOLVING DOOR.
I WONDER WHAT THEY WANTED, WAR...
SEARCH ME, PESTILENCE. NICE GAME, THOUGH. DON'T YOU THINK SO, FAMINE?
Right. Compelling, I thought. Care to play some more, Death?
WE'VE GOT TIME FOR ANOTHER FONDLE.
YOU CALL THEM RUBBERS.
RIGHT. RUBBERS.
I THINK WE'VE GOT TIME.


Terry Pratchett's
THE LIGHT
Fantastic™
THERE WAS A NOISE LIKE A WOODEN RULER BEING STRUCK WITH A C SHARP TUNING FORK (OR POSSIBLY B FLAT)...
PART III
Based On The Novel By
TERRY PRATCHETT
Adapted and Edited By
SCOTT ROCKWELL
Painted By
JOE BENNET
Lettered By
VICKIE WILLIAMS
Front Cover By
STEVEN ROSS

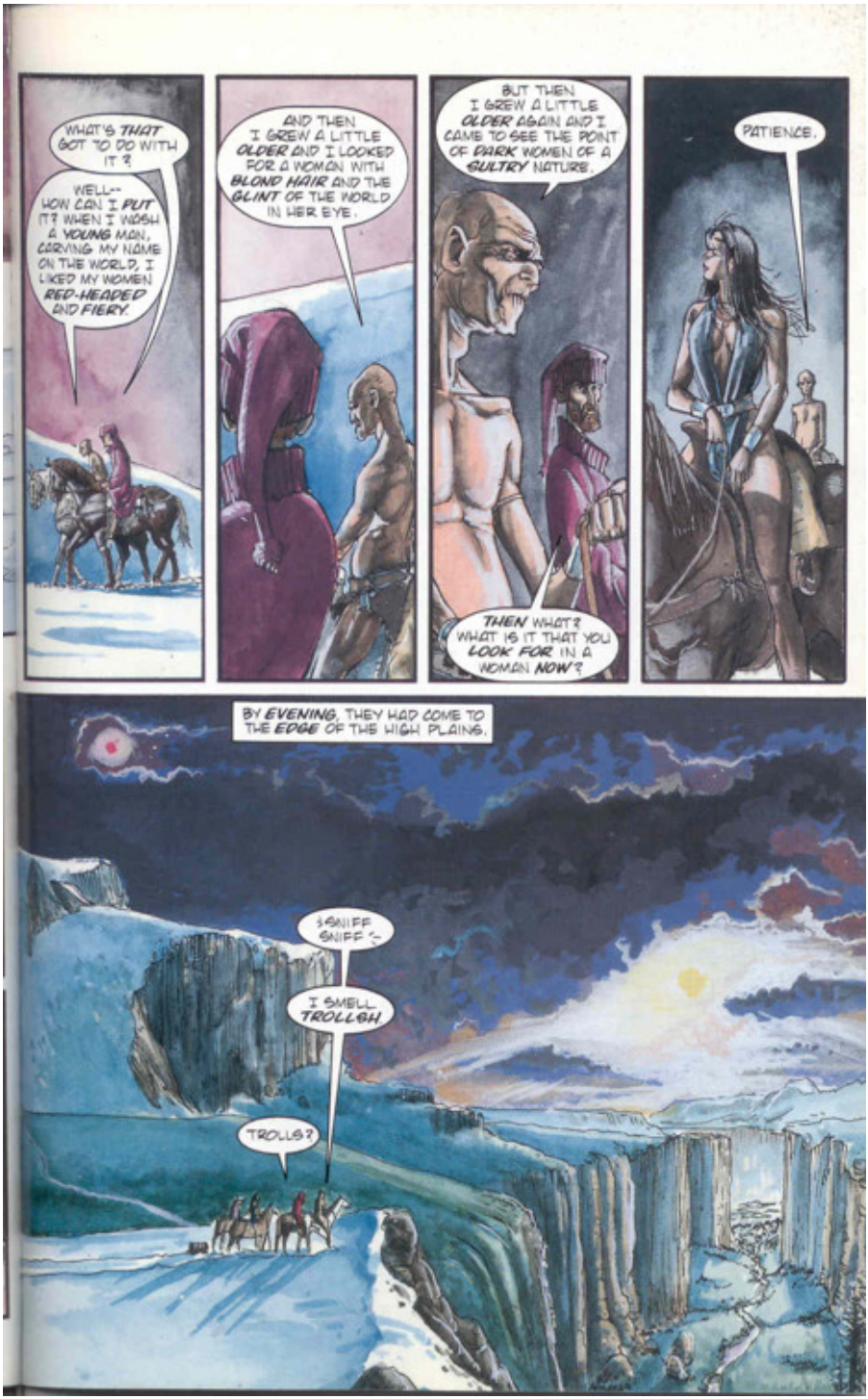
...AND A SUDDEN SENSATION OF ABSOLUTE STILLNESS.
THIS WAS BECAUSE THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY STILL.
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
I'M INSIDE THE OCTAVO AGAIN. IF ANYONE HAPPENS TO OPEN THE BOOK, WOULD TWOFLOWER AND I APPEAR LIKE A COLOUR PLATE?
PROBABLY NOT. THE OCTAVO WE'RE IN IS SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT FROM A MERE BOOK CHAINED TO A LECTURN IN THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY...
...THAT BOOK IS MERELY A THREE DIMENSIONAL REPRESENTATION OF A MULTIDIMENSIONAL REALITY, AND--
HOLD ON. I DON'T THINK LIKE THIS! WHO'S THINKING FOR ME?
Rincewind.
WHO, ME?
Of course, you, you daft sod. I expect you're wondering why we brought you here again.
NO.
What did he say?
He said "no."
He really said "no"?
Yes.
Why?

THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENS TO ME ALL THE TIME! ONE MINUTE I'M FALLING OFF THE WORLD, THEN I'M INSIDE A BOOK, THEN I'M ON A FLYING ROCK, THEN I'M WATCHING DEATH LEARN HOW TO PLAY WEIR OR DOM OR WHATEVER!
WHY SHOULD I WONDER ABOUT ANYTHING?
Well, we IMAGINE you will be wondering why we DON'T want anyone to say us.
UHHH...WELL, YES, THE THOUGHT HAD CROSSED MY MIND, ONLY VERY FAST AND LOOKING NERVOUSLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE IN CASE IT GOT KNOCKED OVER.
WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO SAY YOU?
It's the STAR. The RED STAR. The wizards want to say all eight spells together to CHANGE the future.
They think the disc is going to COLLIDE with the star.
IS IT?
Not exactly, but in a--WHAT'S THAT!?
IT'S JUST THE LUGGAGE!
But We didn't summon it!
NO ONE SUMMONS IT ANYWHERE. IT JUST TURNS UP. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
Oh. WHAT were we talking about?
THIS RED STAR THING.

It is MOST IMPORTANT that you don't let the wizards TAKE the spell from you. Terrible things will happen if all eight spells are said TOO SOON.
I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT IN PEACE.
Good, good. We KNEW we could trust you from the day you opened the Octavo.
HANG ON A MINUTE-- YOU WANT ME TO RUN AROUND KEEPING THE WIZARDS FROM GETTING ALL THE SPELLS TOGETHER?
Exactly.
THAT'S WHY YOU GOT INTO MY HEAD?
Precisely.
YOU TOTALLY RUINED MY LIFE! I COULD HAVE MADE IT AS A WIZARD IF YOU HADN'T DECIDED TO USE ME AS A SORT OF PORTABLE SPELLBOOK!
I CAN'T REMEMBER OTHER SPELLS, THEY'RE TOO FRIGHTENED TO STAY IN THE SAME HEAD AS YOU!
We're sorry.
I WANT TO GO HOME.
But you must--
IT WAS TOO LATE. HOMESICKNESS ROSE UP INSIDE RINCEWIND, FLOWED ALONG THE TENUOUS THREAD LINKING HIS TORTURED SOUL TO HIS BODY, DUG ITS HEELS IN, AND TUGGED...

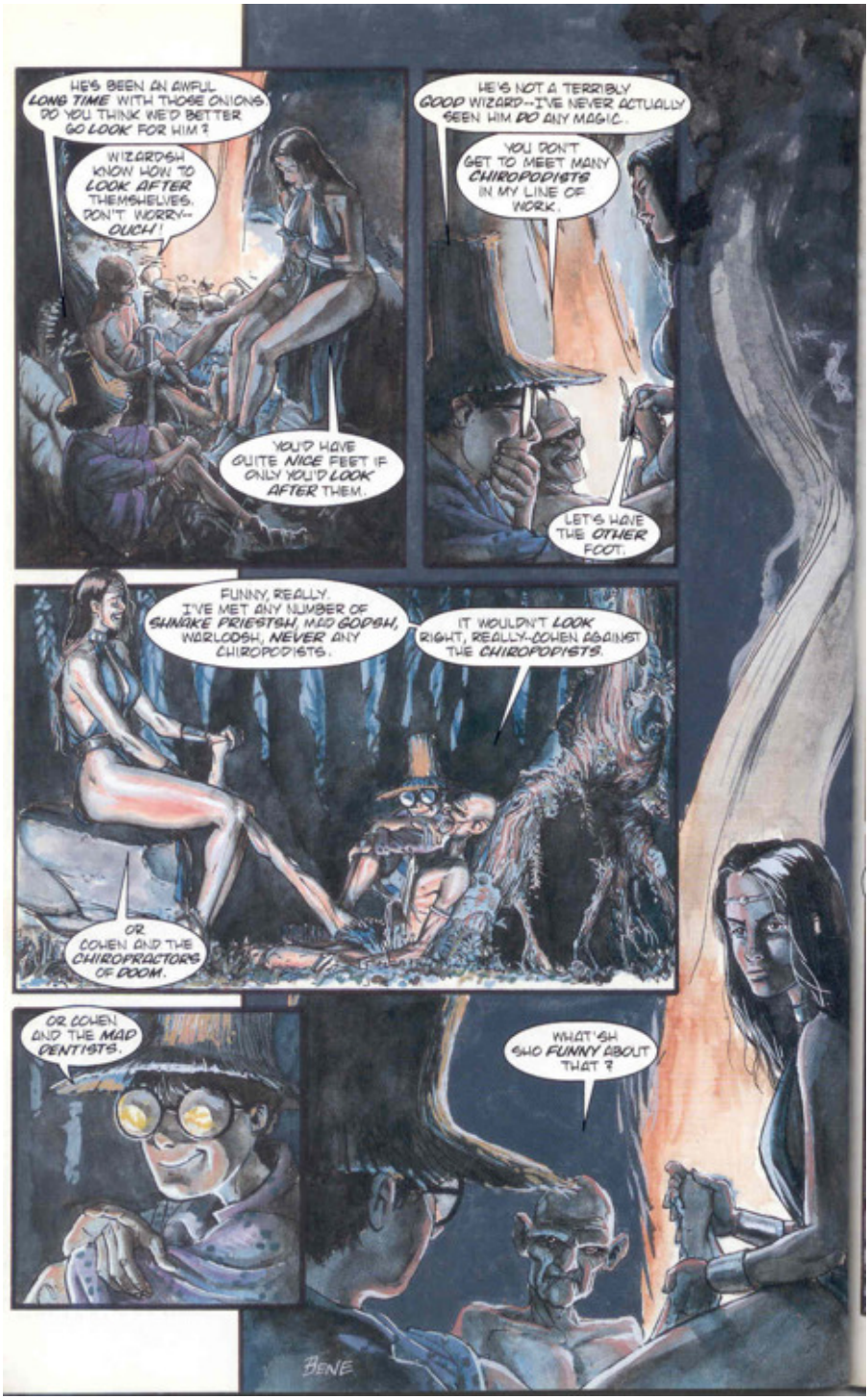
--BOD.
YOU OKAY, RINCEWIND? YOU LOOKED A BIT GONE THERE.
THAT WAS A REALLY STRANGE...DREAM. THERE WAS THIS... A CLOCK THAT--AND THESE PEOPLE WHO...
YOU'VE BEEN ILL HALLUCINATING.
:GROAN:
YOU LOOKED LIKE SOMEONE HAD WALKED OVER YOUR GRAVE.
UM, YES... IT WAS PROBABLY ME.
LIFE'S BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN.

YOU CAN SEE IT IN DAYLIGHT NOW.
WHAT ISH IT?
WHY DOES EVERYONE LOOK AT ME? I DON'T KNOW.. MAYBE A COMET OR SOMETHING.
WILL WE ALL BE BURNED UP?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'VE NEVER BEEN HIT BY A COMET BEFORE.
I THINK SHE'S RATHER TAKEN WITH YOU.
IF I WASH TWENTY YEARSH YOUNGER...
YES?
I'D BE SHIXTY-SHEVEN


WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?
WELL-- HOW CAN I PUT IT? WHEN I WOSH A YOUNG MAN, CARVING MY NAME ON THE WORLD, I LIKED MY WOMEN RED-HEADED AND FIERY.
AND THEN I GREW A LITTLE OLDER AND I LOOKED FOR A WOMAN WITH BLOND HAIR AND THE GLINT OF THE WORLD IN HER EYE.
BUT THEN I GREW A LITTLE OLDER AGAIN AND I CAME TO SEE THE POINT OF DARK WOMEN OF A SULTRY NATURE.
THEN WHAT? WHAT IS IT THAT YOU LOOK FOR IN A WOMAN NOW?
PATIENCE.
BY EVENING, THEY HAD COME TO THE EDGE OF THE HIGH PLAINS.
SNIFF SNIFF
I SMELL TROLLSH
TROLLS?

YESH. THEY'RE SHILICASHE -- AH-- SHILLYCAYSHEOU--
MADE OUT OF ROCKS.
OF COURSE. IN ANKH-MORPORK THEY'RE EMPLOYED AS BODYGUARDS. THEY TEND TO BE EXPENSIVE TO KEEP UNTIL THEY LEARN ABOUT DOORS AND DON'T SIMPLY LEAVE A HOUSE BY WALKING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE NEAREST WALL.
TROLLSH TEETH, THAT'SH THE THINGSH.
WHY?
DIAMONDS. GOT TO BE, BECAUSHE THEY EAT ROCKSH. ONLY THING THAT CAN STAND THE ROCKSH, AND THEY SHTILL HAVE TO GROW A NEW SHET EACH YEAR.
SPEAKING OF TEETH...
YESH?
I CAN'T HELP NOTICING... OH, NOTHING.
LET'SH GET THISH FIRE GOING BEFORE WE LOSHE THE LIGHT.
THEN I SHUPPOSE WE'D BETTER MAKE SOME SHOUP.
RINCEWIND'S GOOD AT THAT. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT ROOTS AND HERBS AND THINGS.
WELL, SHEE IF YOU CAN FIND US SHOME WILD ONIONS AND SHTUFF.
BUT, I--

WELL, I KNOW WHAT AN ONION LOOKS LIKE, ANYWAY. IT'S A SORT OF SOGGY WHITE THING WITH A GREEN BIT STICKING OUT OF THE TOP.
I WONDER HOW YOU ATTRACT THEM... PERHAPS PEASANTS OR WHATEVER USE ONION HOUNDS OR SING SONGS TO ATTRACT ONIONS.
ONIONS? ANY ONIONS HERE?
THERE'S A PATCH OF THEM BY THAT OLD YEW TREE.
AH, GOOD.
EXCUSE ME.
YES?
WHICH ONE'S THE YEW?
SMALL GNARLY ONE WITH THE LITTLE DARK GREEN NEEDLES.
YOU'RE NOT A TREE, ARE YOU?
DON'T BE SILLY. TREES CAN'T TALK.
I'M A ROCK.
THE ONLY FACT I KNOW FOR SURE ABOUT TROLLS IS THAT THEY TURN TO STONE WHEN EXPOSED TO SUNLIGHT.
BUT COME TO THINK ABOUT IT, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER HEARING WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM AFTER THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN AGAIN.


HE'S BEEN AN AWFUL LONG TIME WITH THOSE ONIONS DO YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO LOOK FOR HIM?
WIZARDSH KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER THEMSHELVES. DON'T WORRY-- OUCH!
YOU'D HAVE QUITE NICE FEET IF ONLY YOU'D LOOK AFTER THEM.
HE'S NOT A TERRIBLY GOOD WIZARD--I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN HIM DO ANY MAGIC.
YOU DON'T GET TO MEET MANY CHIROPODISTS IN MY LINE OF WORK.
LET'S HAVE THE OTHER FOOT.
FUNNY, REALLY. I'VE MET ANY NUMBER OF SHNAKE PRIESTSH, MAD GODSH, WORLDSH, NEVER ANY CHIROPODISTS.
IT WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT, REALLY--COWEN AGAINST THE CHIROPODISTS.
OR COWEN AND THE CHIROFRACTORS OF DOOM.
OR COWEN AND THE MAD DENTISTS.
WHAT'SH SHO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?
BENE

OH, ER, WELL--YOUR TEETH, YOU SEE...
WHAT ABOUT THEM?
I CAN'T HELP NOTICING THAT THEY'RE UM, NOT IN THE SAME GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION AS YOUR MOUTH.
TRUE, OF COURSH. IT'SH HARD TO BE A HERO WITH NO TEETHSH. SHOW 'EM A MOUTH FULL OF GUMSH AND NO ONE WASH ANY RESHPECT.
WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME MORE? LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU--ER, BETHAN, WOULD YOU MIND LOOKING THE OTHER WAY?
YOU SHEE? I HAVE SHEVERAL SHETS.
LOTS OF PEOPLE WEAR THEM WHERE I COME FROM. IT'S A--
UNNNGHHF!

YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DIGEST ME. I'D MAKE YOU AWFULLY ILL.
SO YOU'RE RINCEWIND. I DUNNO, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE TALLER.
PERHAPS HE'S ERODED A BIT. THE LEGEND'S PRETTY OLD.
LEGEND? WHAT LEGEND?
IT'S BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM MOUNTAIN TO GRAVEL SINCE THE SUNSET OF TIME.* WHEN THE RED STAR LIGHTS THE SKY, RINCEWIND THE WIZARD WILL COME LOOKING FOR ONIONS.
DO NOT BITE HIM.
IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU HELP HIM STAY ALIVE.
* AN INTERESTING METAPHOR TO NOCTURNAL TROLLS, OF COURSE, THE DAWN OF TIME LIES IN THE FUTURE.

THAT'S IT ?
YES. WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PUZZLED ABOUT IT. MOST OF OUR LEGENDS ARE MUCH MORE EXCITING.
I'M KWARTZ, THAT'S KRYSOPRASE OVER THERE, AND JASPER, AND MY WIFE BERYL--
--SHE'S A BIT METAMORPHIC, BUT WHO ISN'T THESE DAYS? JASPER, GET OFF HIS FOOT!
WELL, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP YOU. ANYTHING YOU WANT DOING?
A SHORT TIME LATER...
IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN A FIGHT.
AND IT WAS ME WHO TOLD YOU WHERE THE ONIONS WERE!
THEY'RE ALL GONE! EVEN THE LUGGAGE!
BLOOD!
ONE OF THEM'S LEAKED. THE WATERY RED STUFF YOU HAVE IN YOUR INSIDES.

YOU HUMANS DO SOMETHING, LIKE WHEN WE SLOW DOWN, ONLY YOU FALL TO BITS..
DYING, IT'S CALLED!
THAT'S IT. THEY HAVEN'T DONE THAT, BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT HERE.
UNLESS THEY WERE EATEN.
WOLVES?
THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY.
OLD GRANDAD FLATTENED ALL THE WOLVES WERE YEARS AGO. DIDN'T USED TO LOOK WHERE HE WAS GOING, YOU KNOW.
OLD GRANDAD LIVES UP THERE.
THERE'S A TRAIL.
DANGEROUS, IS HE?
HE'S VERY OLD AND BIG AND MEAN. WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ABOUT FOR YEARS.
CENTURIES.
HE'LL SQUASH THEM ALL FLAT!

I SEIN TROLL SHAPES.
ARE YOU QUITE SURE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.
I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THIS TRACK WE'RE FOLLOWING. IT'S OLD, BUT SOMETHING HAD TO HAVE MADE IT, AND TROLLS TAKE A LOT OF KILLING.
SIGH
MAYBE THAT SECRETARIAL CAREER WASN'T SUCH A BAD OPTION, AT THAT.
THERE ARE SOME CAVES AHEAD. WE'LL HEAD FOR ONE AND LIGHT A LARGE FIRE IN IT. TROLLS DON'T LIKE FIRE.
YOU'RE THE BOSS.
RIGHT, I AM.
THAT'S THE BOX ALL RIGHT, GALDER'S DESCRIPTION IS ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE. BUT NEITHER OF THOSE TWO LOOKS LIKE A WIZARD--NOT EVEN A FAILED WIZARD.

OH, DEAR...
WHY OH DEAR ?
THEY'VE LIT A FIRE.
YOU DON'T LIKE FIRES?
IT DESTROYS THE SUPER-CONDUCTIVITY OF OUR BRAINS. BUT A FIRE THAT SMALL WON'T HAVE MUCH EFFECT ON OLD GRANDAD.
LET'S HOPE HE DOESN'T FIND IT, THEN.
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT...
THEY'VE LIT IT IN HIS MOUTH.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN LISHENING OUT. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION AND NOT BEING SHWAYED BY ALL THISH TALK ABOUT YOUR PIN-CHEWERS.
I MUST BE GETTING SHOFT.
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS CAVE.
WHAT?
WELL, LOOK AT IT. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ROCKS LIKE THOSE BEFORE? AND THE WALLS... THOSE VEINS OF RED CRYSTAL--
WELL, I'M NOT A CAVE EXPERT, BUT THAT'S A VERY INTERESTING STALG-THINGY HANGING FROM THE CEILING. SORT OF BULBOUS...
I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET OUT OF HERE.
OH YESH, I SHUPPOSHE WE'D JUST BETTER ASHK THESHE PEOPLE TO UNTIE US AND LET USH GO, EH?
EXCUSE ME? COULD YOU PLEASE UNTIE US AND LET US GO? IT'S RATHER DAMP AND DRAFTY IN HERE. SORRY.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.

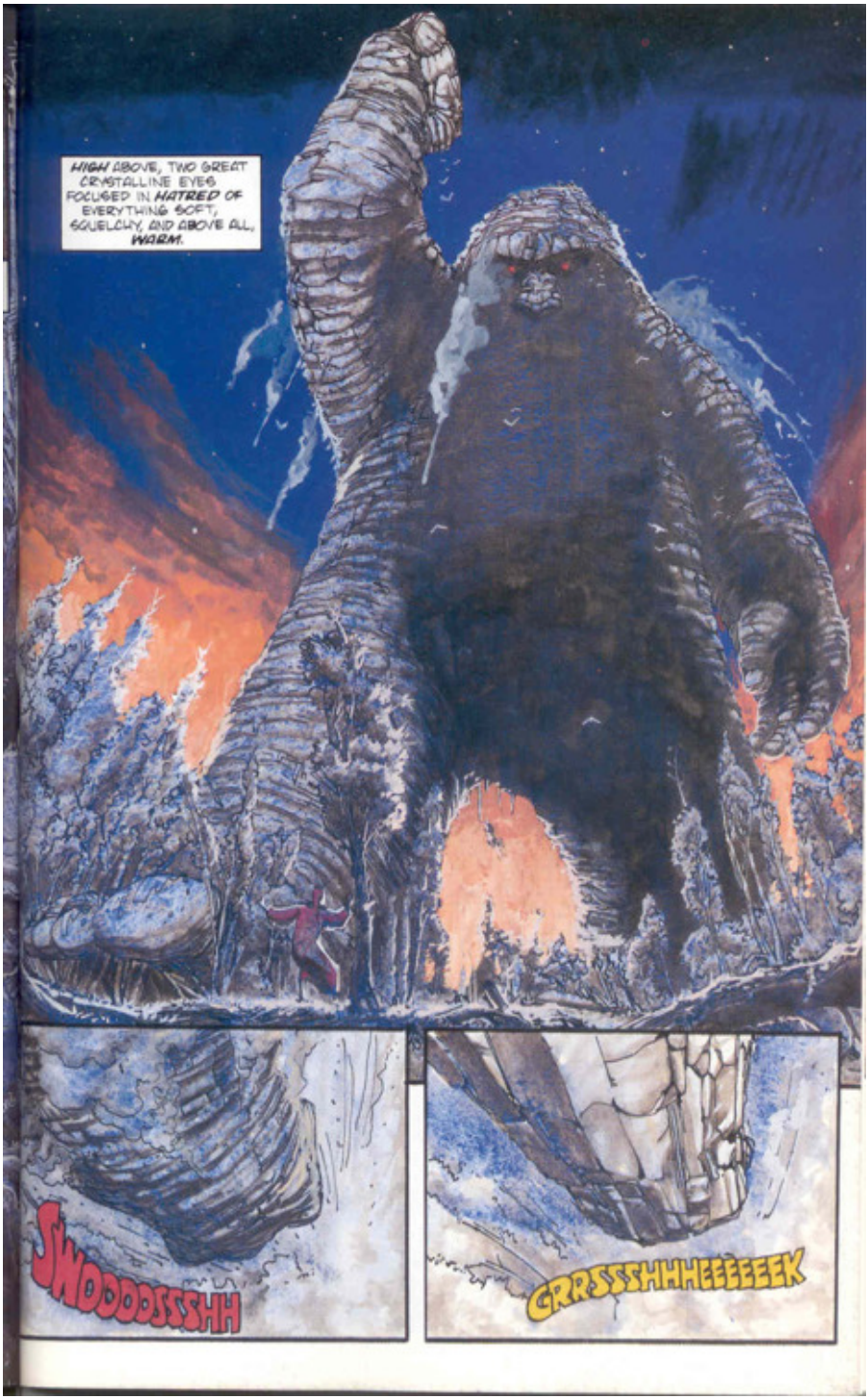
WHICH ONE OF YOU IS RINCEWIND THE WIZARD? THERE WERE FOUR HORSES. IS HE HERE?
UM, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS. HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOME ONIONS.
THEN YOU ARE HIS FRIENDS AND WE WILL COME LOOKING FOR YOU.
UHMM... THAT WIZARD WEATHERWAX SAID WE SHOULDN'T TOUCH THIS, MOST EMPHATICALLY.
LOCKED. WHERE IS THE KEY, FAT ONE?
IT HASN'T GOT A KEY. IF IT WANTS TO STAY LOCKED, IT STAYS LOCKED.
I WANT IT OPEN. GARCIA, SEE TO IT.

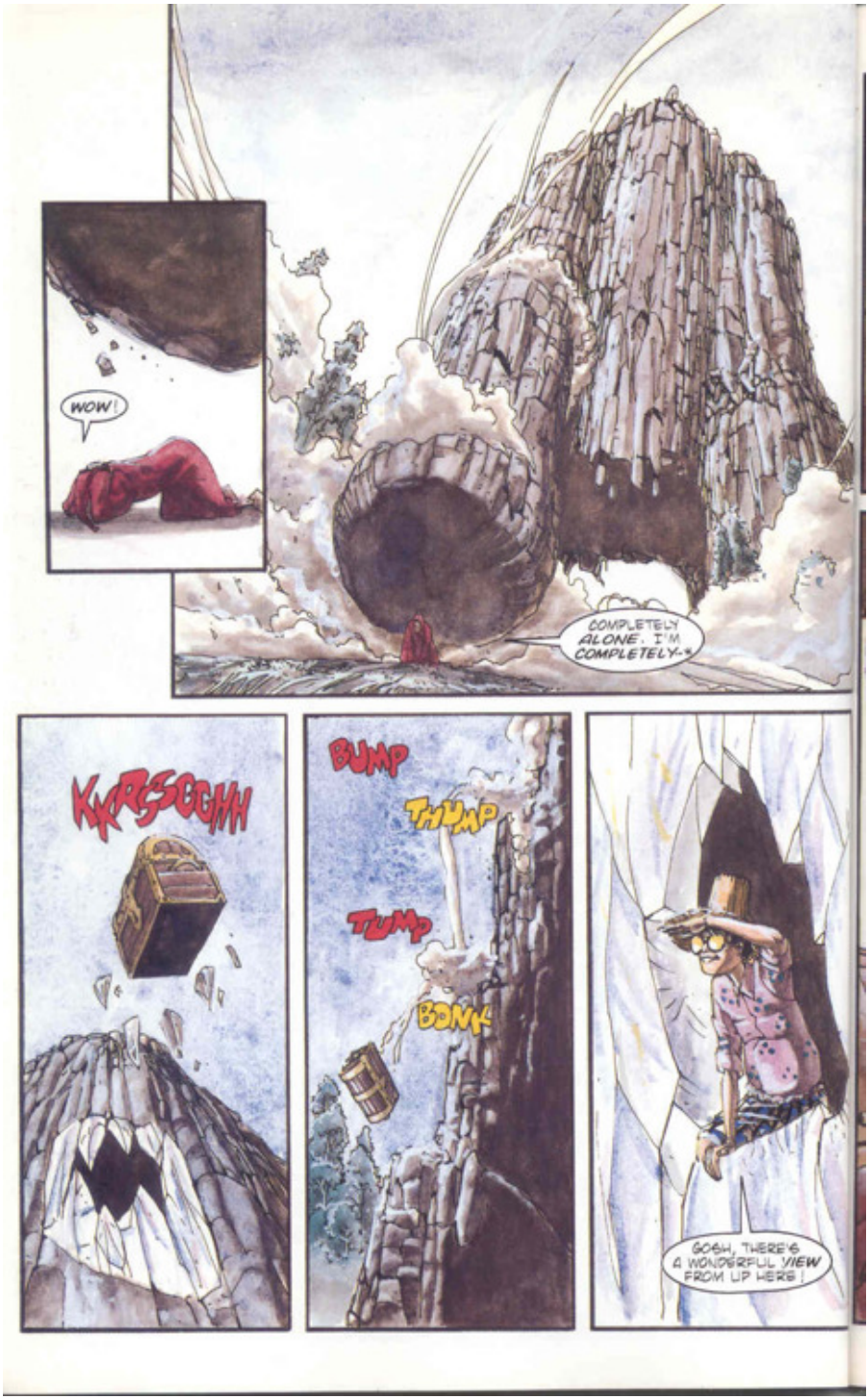
LOOK, NO ONE CAN OPEN THE LUGGAGE IF IT'S FEELING IN A LOCKED MOOD.
OPEN-THE-BOX!
CLICK
ALL RIGHT!
I SAY! YOU'RE IN GREAT DANGER! YOU MUST PUT THE FIRE OUT!
WRONG! YOU'RE IN DANGER, AND THE FIRE STAYS.
THERE'S THIS BIG OLD TROLL--
EVERYONE KNOWS TROLLS KEEP AWAY FROM FIRE!
THIS SPECIFIC ONE CAN'T, YOU SEE...
BECAUSE YOU'VE LIT IT ON HIS TONGUE!

TROLLS ARE ONE OF THE OLDEST LIFEFORMS IN THE MULTIVERSE, DATING FROM AN EARLY ATTEMPT TO GET THE WHOLE LIFE THING ON THE ROAD WITHOUT ALL THAT SQUASHY PROTOPLASM.
THE GIANT TROLLS OF PRE-HISTORY MAKE UP MOST OF THE DISC'S MAJOR MOUNTAIN RANGES AND WILL CAUSE SOME SEVERE PROBLEMS IF THEY WAKE UP.
WHEN A TROLL GETS OLD AND STARTS TO THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT THE UNIVERSE, IT NORMALLY FINDS A QUIET SPOT AND GETS DOWN TO SOME HEAVY PHILOSOPHISING.
AFTER A WHILE, IT STARTS TO FORGET ABOUT ITS EXTREMITIES.
IT BEGINS TO CRYSTALLIZE UNTIL NOTHING REMAINS EXCEPT A TINY FLICKER OF LIFE INSIDE A LARGE HILL WITH SOME UNUSUAL ROCK STRATA.
OLD GRANDAD HADN'T QUITE GOT THAT FAR.
HE BEGAN TO GET ANGRY.
>GAKK!<

RUN FOR IT!
IT'S A HERTH-QUAKE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NOT WITHOUT THAT GOLD!
WE'LL NEVER CARRY IT! IT'S TOO HEAVY!
WE'LL DAMN WELL CARRY SOME OF IT!
SWAP!
I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU UNTIED US. IT'S REALLY QUITE FRIENDLY ONCE IT GETS TO KNOW YOU.
I THINK MY BACK'S GONE AGAIN. TAKE HIS KNIFE AND TELL HIM TO BUGGER OFF.
YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!
AAAAARRGH!

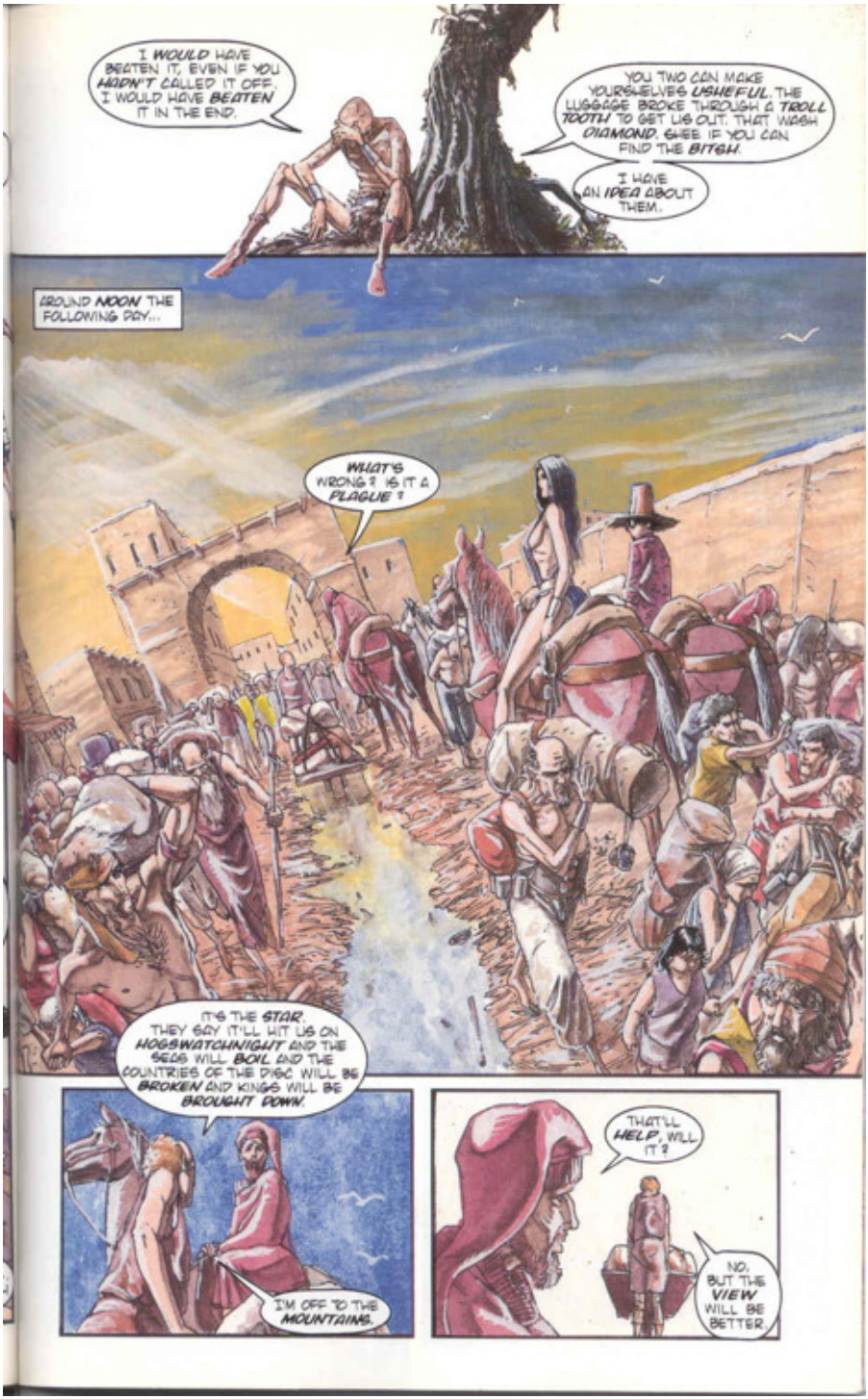
THE SUN ROSE.
HOWEVER, THE SUNLIGHT DIDN'T. IT BEGAN ITS SOFT, SILENT BATTLE AGAINST THE NIGHT. IT POURED LIKE MOLTEN GOLD ACROSS THE SLEEPING LANDSCAPE--
--NOT PRECISELY, OF COURSE. TREES DIDN'T BURST INTO FLAME, PEOPLE DIDN'T BECOME SUDDENLY VERY RICH AND EXTREMELY DEAD. A BETTER SIMILE, IN FACT, WOULD BE "NOT LIKE MOLTEN GOLD" --
--BUT THE LIGHT WAS BRIGHT, CLEAN, AND ABOVE ALL, SLOW.
IT IS POSSIBLE TO STAB A TROLL, BUT THE TECHNIQUE TAKES PRACTICE AND NO ONE EVER GETS A CHANCE TO PRACTICE MORE THAN ONCE.
THE TROLLS MUST'VE LUMBERED OFF AFTER THE REST OF THE MEN...
OH NO...


HIGH ABOVE, TWO GREAT CRYSTALLINE EYES FOCUSED IN HATRED OF EVERYTHING SOFT, SQUELCHY, AND ABOVE ALL, WARM.
SWOOOOSSSHH
GRRSSSHHHEEEEEEK


WOW!
COMPLETELY ALONE. I'M COMPLETELY-
KKRSCCHH
BUMP
THUMP
TUMP
BONK
GOSH, THERE'S A WONDERFUL VIEW FROM UP HERE!

HALF AN HOUR OF CLIMBING DOWN LATER...
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THEM?
THE TROLLS GOT ALL OF THEM BEFORE THE SUNLIGHT REACHED HERE, I THINK.
THE HORSES HAVE ALL GONE.
WE'LL FIND 'EM.
THEY WERE CARRYING ALL OUR FOOD.
I HAVE SOME NOURISHING BISCUITS IN THE LUGGAGE. TRAVELLER'S DIGESTIVES. ALWAYS A COMFORT IN A TIGHT SPOT.
EXCUSE ME. THERE'SH SHOMETHING I'VE GOT TO KNOW.
HEY, THAT'S MY LUGGAGE!
WHY'S HE ATTACKING MY LUGGAGE!?
UNNGH!

I THINK. I KNOW. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE HE'S SCARED OF IT.
SEARCH ME. I ALWAYS RUN AWAY FROM THINGS I'M SCARED OF
!GASP! UNNG!
DO SOMETHING
UM, YEG. THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH, I THINK. PUT HIM DOWN.
WHOOP!
LAUNDRY? THAT'S IT. JUST LAUNDRY?
BUT THERE WASH GOLD! AND I SHAW IT EAT SHOMEBODY!
I BOUGHT IT AT A SHOP. I SAID I WANTED A TRAVELLING TRUNK.
THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT ALL RIGHT.
HOLD ON-- WISH IT ONE OF THOSHE SHOPSH-- I MEAN, I BET YOU HADN'T NOTICED IT BEFORE AND WHEN YOU WENT BACK AGAIN IT WASHN'T THERE? FULL OF STRANGE STUFF?
EXACTLY! NEVER COULD FIND IT AGAIN, NOTHING BUT A BRICK WALL WHERE I THOUGHT IT WAS--
ONE OF THOSHE SHOPS THAT EXPLAINS IT THEN.


I WOULD HAVE BEATEN IT, EVEN IF YOU HADN'T CALLED IT OFF. I WOULD HAVE BEATEN IT IN THE END.
YOU TWO CAN MAKE YOURSELVES USEFUL. THE LUGGAGE BROKE THROUGH A TROLL TOOTH TO GET US OUT. THAT WASH DIAMOND, SHEE. IF YOU CAN FIND THE BITCH.
I HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT THEM.
AROUND NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY...
WHAT'S WRONG? IS IT A PLAGUE?
IT'S THE STAR. THEY SAY IT'LL HIT US ON HOGSWATCHNIGHT AND THE SEAS WILL BOIL AND THE COUNTRIES OF THE DISC WILL BE BROKEN AND KINGS WILL BE BROUGHT DOWN.
I'M OFF TO THE MOUNTAINS.
THAT'LL HELP, WILL IT?
NO. BUT THE VIEW WILL BE BETTER.

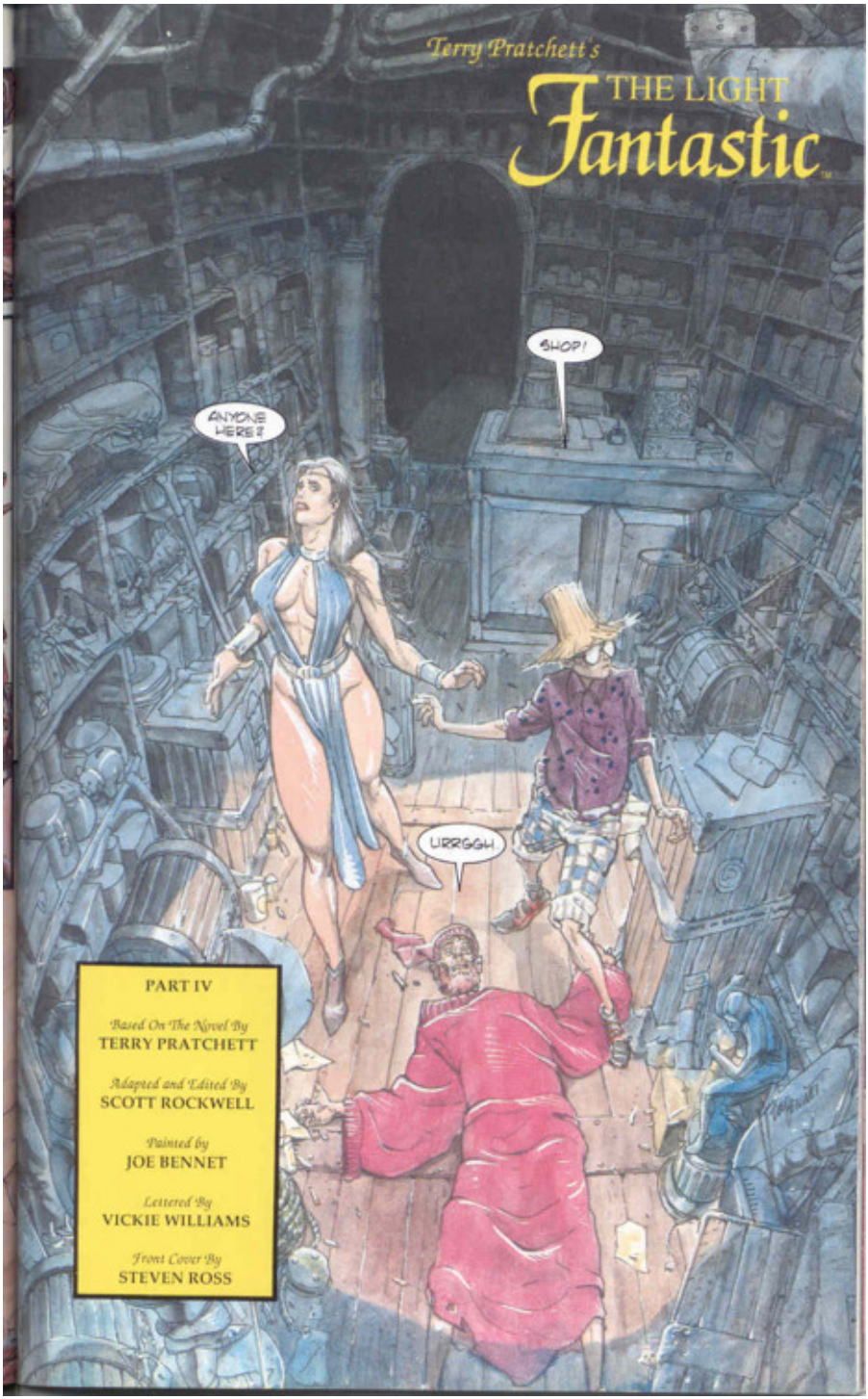
APPARENTLY THERE'S HARDLY ANYONE LEFT IN THE CITIES. EVERYONE'S FRIGHTENED OF THE STAR.
HASN'T IT STRUCK YOU THAT IT'S UNREASONABLY HOT?
I SHUSPECT IT'LL GET A LOT HOTTER.
THISH ISH WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. YOU GO ON, I'LL JOIN YOU SHORTLY.
JEWELLER
A JEWELLER?
IT'SH A SHURPRISHE.
I COULD DO WITH A NEW DRESS, TOO.
I'LL SHTEAL YOU ONE.
IT'S CREEPY. AS IF PEOPLE WANTED TO BRING THE STAR HERE.
OR KEEP IT AWAY.

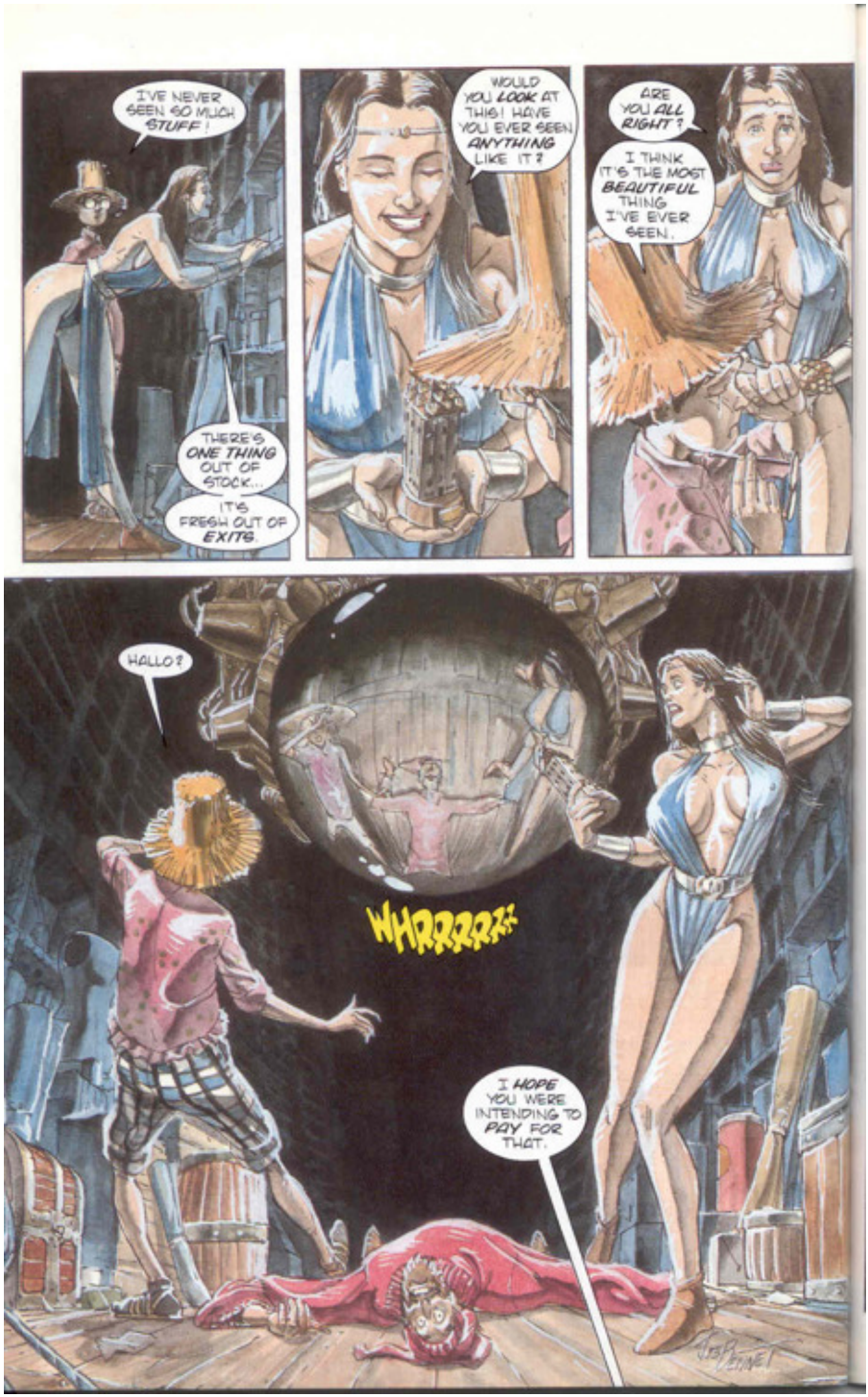
...AND WHERE ARE THE GODS? THEY HAVE GONE? PERHAPS THEY NEVER WERE. WHO AMONG YOU CAN REMEMBER SEEING THEM? AND NOW THE STAR HAS BEEN SENT--
COME TO GLOAT?
I HAVE COME TO SEE THE FUTURE.
IT'S HORRIBLE.
I AM INCLINED TO AGREE.
I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BE ALL FOR IT.
NOT LIKE THIS. THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR OR THE OLD MAN OR THE LITTLE CHILD, THIS I UNDERSTAND.
I TAKE AWAY THE PAIN AND THE END SUFFERING. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS DEATH-OF-THE-MIND.
YOU LOOK LIKE A WIZARD.
WHO, ME? NO, I'M -- A CLERK. YES, A CLERK. THAT'S RIGHT. HE HE.
I THINK YOU'RE A WIZARD.
WE KILLED ALL OUR WIZARDS.

SOME RAN AWAY, BUT WE KILLED QUITE A LOT. THEY WAVED THEIR HANDS AND NOTHING CAME OUT.
STAND BACK, OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF MAGIC!
THE MAGIC HAS FADED. THE STAR HAS TAKEN IT AWAY.
I MEAN IT!
HE'S GOING TO KILL ME. I CAN'T EVEN BLUFF ANY MORE. NO GOOD AT MAGIC, NO GOOD AT BLUFFING...
THE SPELL STIRRED IN HIS MIND. A COLD TINGLE COURSED DOWN HIS ARM.

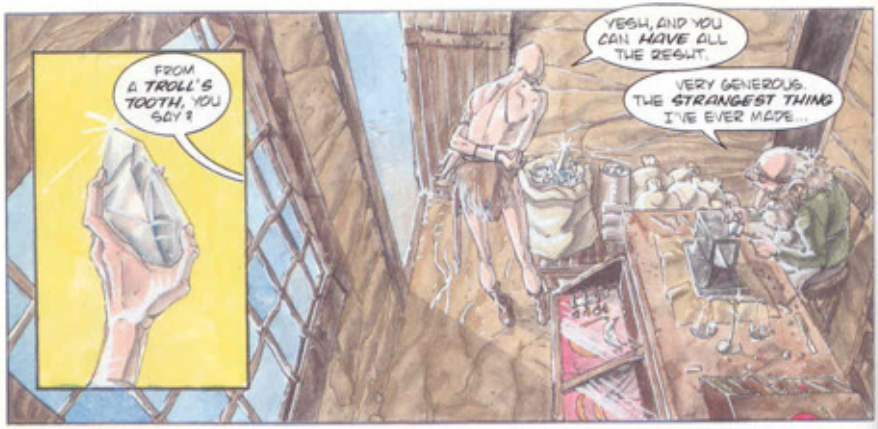
MAGIC. I DID MAGIC...
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DO YOU A SPELL? WHEEE!
MAKING YOUR FEET RUN FASTER'D BE MY FAVOURITE!
SURE! FEET! RUN FASTER! HEY, LOOK, THEY'RE DOING IT!
THEY'VE GOT A LOT MORE SENSE THAN YOU. WHICH WAY?
HE'S IN SHOCK.
HE'S NEVER DONE A SPELL BEFORE.
BUT HE'S A WIZARD!
IT'S ALL A BIT COMPLICATED... ANYWAY, I'M NOT SURE IT WAS ACTUALLY HIM.
COME ON, THIS WAY!
HEY, WHERE'S THE LUGGAGE?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW ? IT'S YOUR LUGGAGE !
UH-OH. DEAD END.
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH !
RIGHT ! WE'VE GOT A WIZARD AND WE'RE NOT AFRAID TO USE HIM !
EH?
PURVEYORS

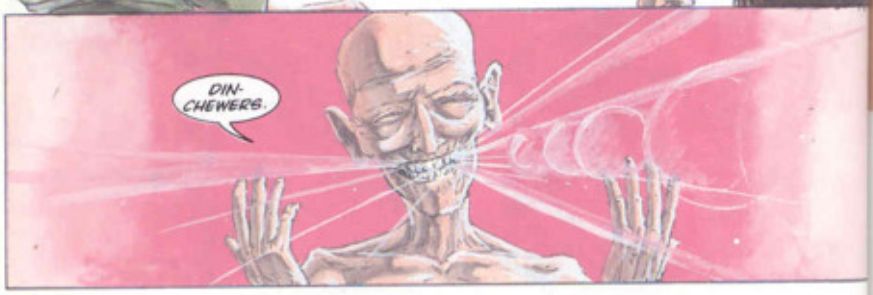

Terry Pratchett's
THE LIGHT
Fantastic
ANYONE HERE?
SHOP!
URRGGH
PART IV
Based On The Novel By
TERRY PRATCHETT
Adapted and Edited By
SCOTT ROCKWELL
Painted by
JOE BENNET
Lettered By
VICKIE WILLIAMS
Front Cover By
STEVEN ROSS


I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH STUFF!
THERE'S ONE THING OUT OF STOCK... IT'S FRESH OUT OF EXITS.
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I THINK IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN.
HALLO?
WHRRRRR!
I HOPE YOU WERE INTENDING TO PAY FOR THAT.

THIS? I WOULDN'T BUY THIS IF YOU THREW IN A HOTPUL OF RUBIES.
I'LL BUY IT. HOW MUCH?
ACTUALLY, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY. IT'S IN MY LUGGAGE, BUT---
NO MONEY? YOU COME INTO MY SHOP--
WE DIDN'T MEAN TO. WE DIDN'T NOTICE IT WAS THERE.
IT WASN'T. IT'S MAGICAL, ISN'T IT?
YES. A BIT.
A BIT?! A BIT MAGICAL!??
QUITE A BIT, THEN.
ALL RIGHT, IT'S MAGICAL. I CAN'T HELP IT. THE BLOODY DOOR HASN'T BEEN AND GONE AGAIN, HAS IT?

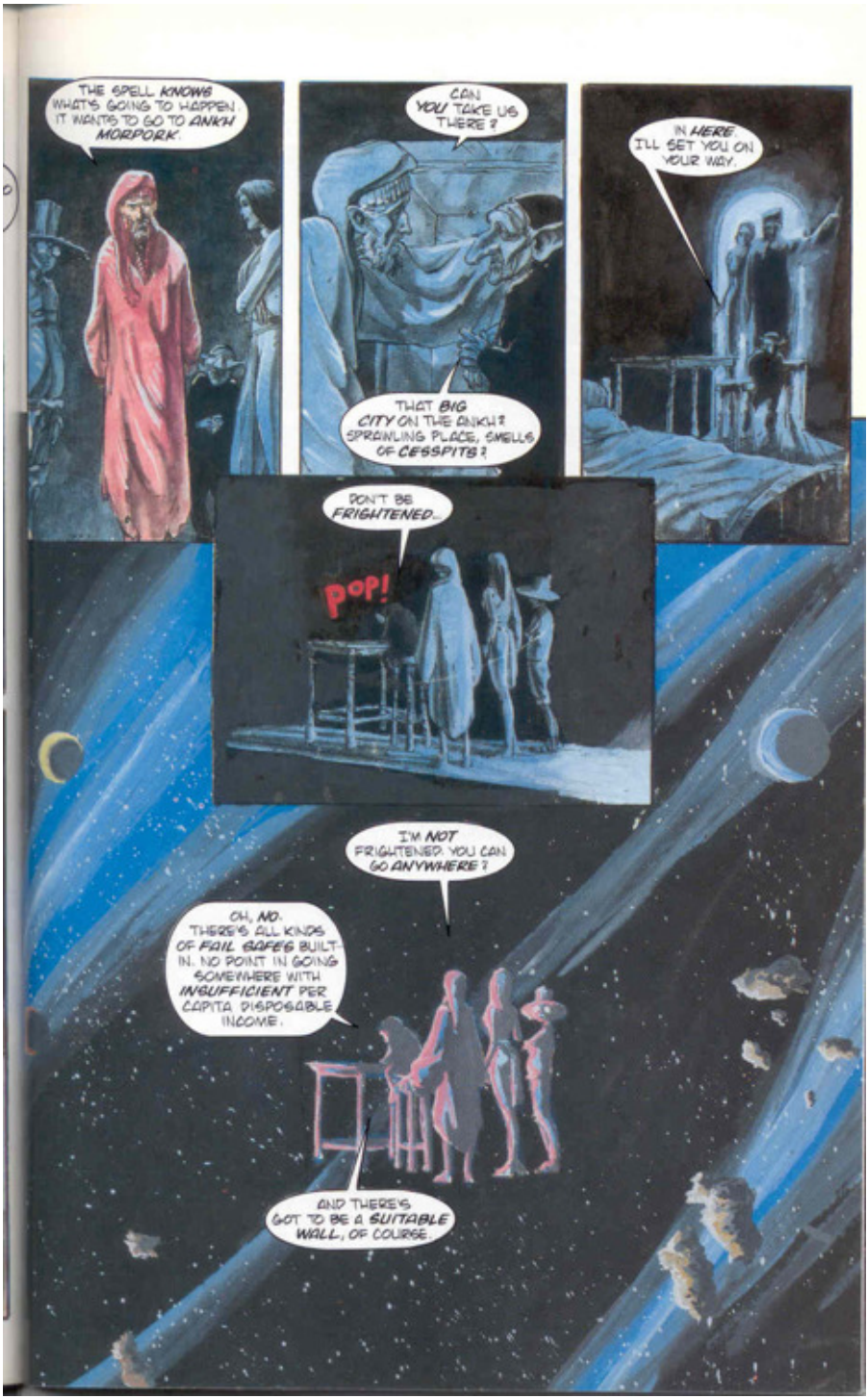

FROM A TROLL'S TOOTH, YOU SAY?
YESH, AND YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE REST.
VERY GENEROUS. THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER MADE...

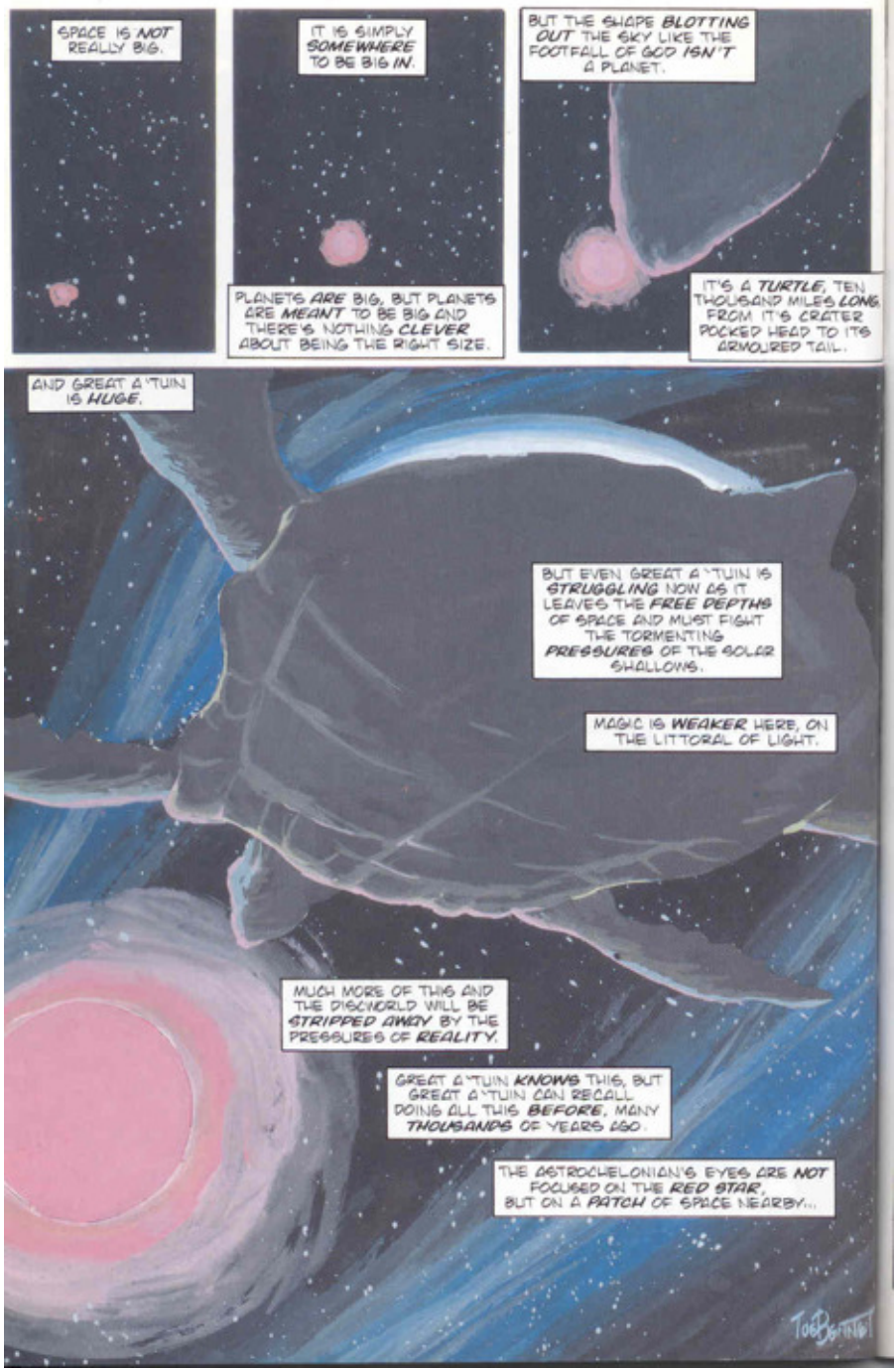
...BUT PRACTICAL, I CAN SEE THAT. WHAT DID YOU SAY THEY WERE CALLED?


DIN-CHEWERS.

OOOH! MAGIC! SO THAT'S WHAT IT FEELS LIKE! NO WONDER WIZARDS DON'T HAVE MUCH TRUCK WITH SEX!
I MEAN, I'VE HAD ORGASMS, QUITE A FEW OF 'EM, SOMETIMES EVEN IN COMPANY, BUT NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE TO...
ER... WHERE THE HELL IS THIS?
A SHOP.
RIGHT. WELL, LET'S GO. I WANT TO PUT THIS SPELL OUT OF MY HEAD AND BACK INTO THE OCTAVO!
IF IT HADN'T FRIGHTENED AWAY ALL THE OTHER SPELLS I WOULD HAVE BEEN A BRILLIANT WIZARD IN MY OWN RIGHT!
WHY ARE WE IN THIS SHOP?
WE CAN'T GET OUT.
THE DOOR'S DISAPPEARED
OH. ONE OF THOSE SHOPS?

ALL RIGHT! IT'S MAGICAL, YES, IT MOVES AROUND, YES, NO, I'M NOT TELLING YOU WHY--
I WASN'T OPEN FOR BUSINESS ANYWAY, I JUST STOPPED TO GET MY BEARINGS AND YOU BARGED IN!
THINGS NOT SO GOOD IN THE STARSHIP BUSINESS?
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE. I MEAN, YOU LEARN NOT TO EXPECT MUCH, A SALE HERE AND THERE--IT'S A LIVING.
BUT THESE PEOPLE WITH THE STAR THINGS PAINTED ON THEIR FACES, WELL, I HARDLY HAVE TIME TO OPEN THE STORE AND THEY'RE THREATENING TO BURN IT DOWN.
THEY BELIEVE THE STAR IS GOING TO CRASH INTO THE DISC.
THAT'S A SHAME. I'VE DONE GOOD BUSINESS HERE. I'LL HAVE TO GO ON TO SOME OTHER UNIVERSE. THERE'S PLENTY OF THEM AROUND.
CAN I DROP YOU SOMEWHERE?
THE STAR IS LIFE, NOT DEATH.
HOW'S THAT?
HOW'S WHAT?
YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU SAY THINGS AND THEN DON'T KNOW YOU'VE SAID THEM.
IT'S THE SPELL. IT'S TRYING TO TAKE ME OVER.


THE SPELL KNOWS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. IT WANTS TO GO TO ANKH MORPORK.
CAN YOU TAKE US THERE?
IN HERE. I'LL SET YOU ON YOUR WAY.
THAT BIG CITY ON THE ANKH? SPRAWLING PLACE, SMELLS OF CESSPITS?
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED...
POP!
I'M NOT FRIGHTENED. YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE?
OH, NO. THERE'S ALL KINDS OF FAIL SAFES BUILT IN. NO POINT IN GOING SOMEWHERE WITH INSUFFICIENT PER CAPITA DISPOSABLE INCOME.
AND THERE'S GOT TO BE A SUITABLE WALL, OF COURSE.

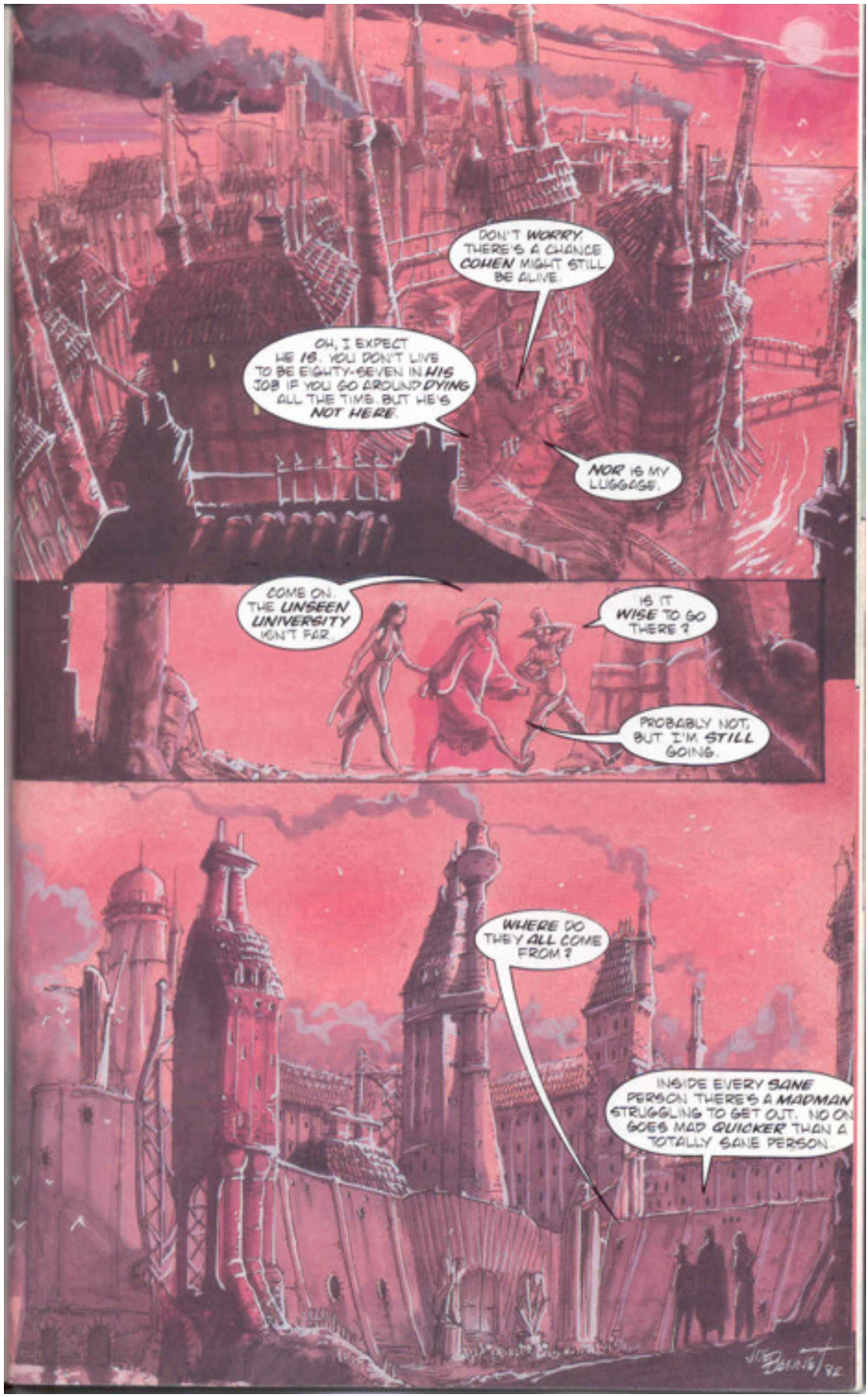

SPACE IS NOT REALLY BIG.
IT IS SIMPLY SOMEWHERE TO BE BIG IN.
PLANETS ARE BIG, BUT PLANETS ARE MEANT TO BE BIG AND THERE'S NOTHING CLEVER ABOUT BEING THE RIGHT SIZE.
BUT THE SHAPE BLOTTING OUT THE SKY LIKE THE FOOTFALL OF GOD ISN'T A PLANET.
IT'S A TURTLE, TEN THOUSAND MILES LONG FROM IT'S CRATER POCKED HEAD TO ITS ARMOURED TAIL.
AND GREAT A'TUIN IS HUGE.
BUT EVEN GREAT A'TUIN IS STRUGGLING NOW AS IT LEAVES THE FREE DEPTHS OF SPACE AND MUST FIGHT THE TORMENTING PRESSURES OF THE SOLAR SHALLOWS.
MAGIC IS WEAKER HERE, ON THE LITTORAL OF LIGHT.
MUCH MORE OF THIS AND THE DISCWORLD WILL BE STRIPPED AWAY BY THE PRESSURES OF REALITY.
GREAT A'TUIN KNOWS THIS, BUT GREAT A'TUIN CAN RECALL DOING ALL THIS BEFORE, MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.
THE ASTROCHELONIAN'S EYES ARE NOT FOCUSED ON THE RED STAR, BUT ON A PATCH OF SPACE NEARBY...
TOBY BENTLEY

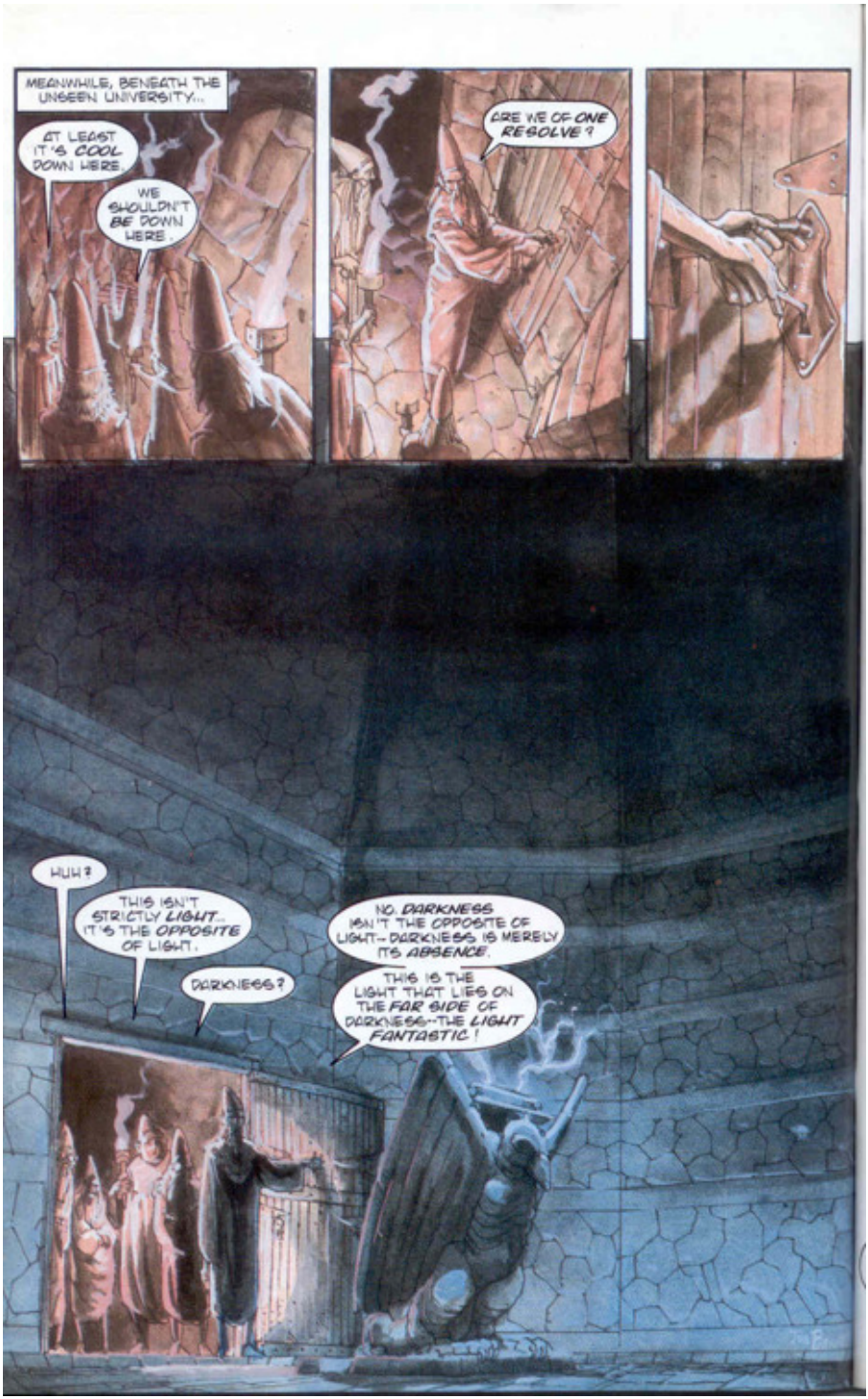
PUZZLED, ARE YOU?
ALL RIGHT. I KNOW YOU AND ME DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE, BUT WE'RE BOTH TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE WE CARE FOR, OKAY? SO, TELL ME WHERE THEY'VE GONE.
YEP. PUZZLED.

AH, HERE WE ARE. THIS IS YOUR UNIVERSE. VERY BIJOU... A SORT OF UNIVERSETTE.
YES, BUT WHERE ARE WE ?
I DON'T THINK WE'RE ANYWHERE. WE'RE IN A CO-TANGENT INCONGRUITY, I BELIEVE. I COULD BE WRONG. THE SHOP GENERALLY KNOWS WHAT IT'S DOING.
IT'S NO LIFE, YOU KNOW, MINDING THE SHOP. NEVER SETTLING DOWN, ALWAYS ON THE MOVE, NEVER CLOSING.
WHY DON'T YOU STOP, THEN ?
I CAN'T. I'M UNDER A CURSE, I AM. A TERRIBLE THING CURSED TO RUN A SHOP FOREVER !
OH, YES. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HE WANTED, BUT WHEN HE ASKED FOR IT, I MADE ONE OF THOSE SUCKING IN NOISES, YOU KNOW, LIKE WHISTLING BACKWARDS ?
AND NEVER CLOSING ! THERE WAS THIS SORCERER, YOU SEE. I DID A TERRIBLE THING.
IN A SHOP ?

I SEE. EVEN SO..
THAT'S NOT ALL ! I TOLD HIM THERE WAS NO DEMAND FOR IT!
I CALLED HIM SQUIRE ! I SAID I COULD ORDER IT AND HE COULD COME BACK THE NEXT DAY ! BUT THE NEXT DAY WAS EARLY CLOSING DAY ! I HEARD HIM RATTLING THE DOOR-HANDLE !
I HAD A SIGN ON THE DOOR THAT SAID SOMETHING LIKE "CLOSED EVEN FOR THE SALE OF NECROMANCER CIGARETTES." ANYWAY, I HEARD HIM BANGING AND I LAUGHED !
YOU LAUGHED ?
YES. LIKE THIS. HNUF HNUF HNUF BLORT.
PROBABLY NOT A WISE THING TO DO.
I KNOW, I KNOW... ANYWAY, I HEARD HIM SHOUTING A LOT OF WORDS I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, AND THEN, THE SHOP-THE SHOP CAME ALIVE !
STILL, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE CURSED YOU QUITE SO BADLY.
THAT WAS A TERRIBLE THING TO DO.
THANK YOU.
OH. YES. WELL. ANYWAY, THIS ISN'T GETTING YOU TO ANKH-MORPORK, IS IT ?

PURVEYORS
FUNNY THING IS, I BOUGHT MY LUGGAGE IN A SHOP LIKE THIS. ANOTHER SHOP, I MEAN.
OH, YES. THERE ARE SEVERAL OF THEM. THAT SORCERER MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY IMPATIENT MAN.
AHHH... ANKH-MORPORK! NO CITY IN THE MULTIVERSE CAN RIVAL ITS SMELL.
:GAG: YES, IT BRINGS TEARS TO ONE'S EYES.
HEY! ANKH-MORPORK IS THE PEARL OF CITIES.
IS THAT REALLY AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION?
WELL... IT'S NOT ROUND AND SHINY, BUT IF YOU HAVE TO LIKEN ANKH-MORPORK TO ANYTHING, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE A PIECE OF RUBBISH COVERED WITH THE DISEASED SECRETIONS OF A DYING MOLLUSC.


DON'T WORRY. THERE'S A CHANCE COHEN MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.
OH, I EXPECT HE IS. YOU DON'T LIVE TO BE EIGHTY-SEVEN IN HIS JOB IF YOU GO AROUND DYING ALL THE TIME. BUT HE'S NOT HERE.
NOR IS MY LUGGAGE.
COME ON. THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY ISN'T FAR.
IS IT WISE TO GO THERE?
PROBABLY NOT. BUT I'M STILL GOING.
WHERE DO THEY ALL COME FROM?
INSIDE EVERY SANE PERSON THERE'S A MADMAN STRUGGLING TO GET OUT. NO ONE GOES MAD QUICKER THAN A TOTALLY SANE PERSON.


MEANWHILE, BENEATH THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY...
AT LEAST IT'S COOL DOWN HERE.
WE SHOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE.
ARE WE OF ONE RESOLVE?
HUH?
THIS ISN'T STRICTLY LIGHT... IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF LIGHT.
DARKNESS?
NO. DARKNESS ISN'T THE OPPOSITE OF LIGHT - DARKNESS IS MERELY ITS ABSENCE.
THIS IS THE LIGHT THAT LIES ON THE FAR SIDE OF DARKNESS - THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!

BRING THAT TORCH A LITTLE CLOSER.
CLICK
NOW..
...TO THE GREAT HALL, BROTHERS. IF I MAY LEAD THE WAY.
NO, THEY'RE... THINGS. THINGS GOING AROUND THE STAR. LIKE THE SUN GOES AROUND THE DISC. BUT THEY'RE CLOSE IN, BECAUSE... BECAUSE...
LOOK! THE STAR'S GOT SPOTS ON IT!
I NEARLY KNOW!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS SPELL!

I WONDER WHY ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE?
I DON'T THINK IT'S TO ENROLL FOR EVENING CLASSES... COME ON, LET'S GO FOR A WALK.
ABOUT HERE, I THINK...
WATCH OUT BELOW!
STUDENTS MADE A SECRET ENTRANCE LONG AGO. HANDY WAY OUT AFTER LIGHTS OUT.
THUD!
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWORD?
I JUST HELPED MYSELF. ALL THE SHOPS HAVE BEEN SMASHED OPEN, AND THERE WAS A WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE ACROSS THE STREET TAKING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
YEAH. LUTERS, I EXPECT. COME ON.

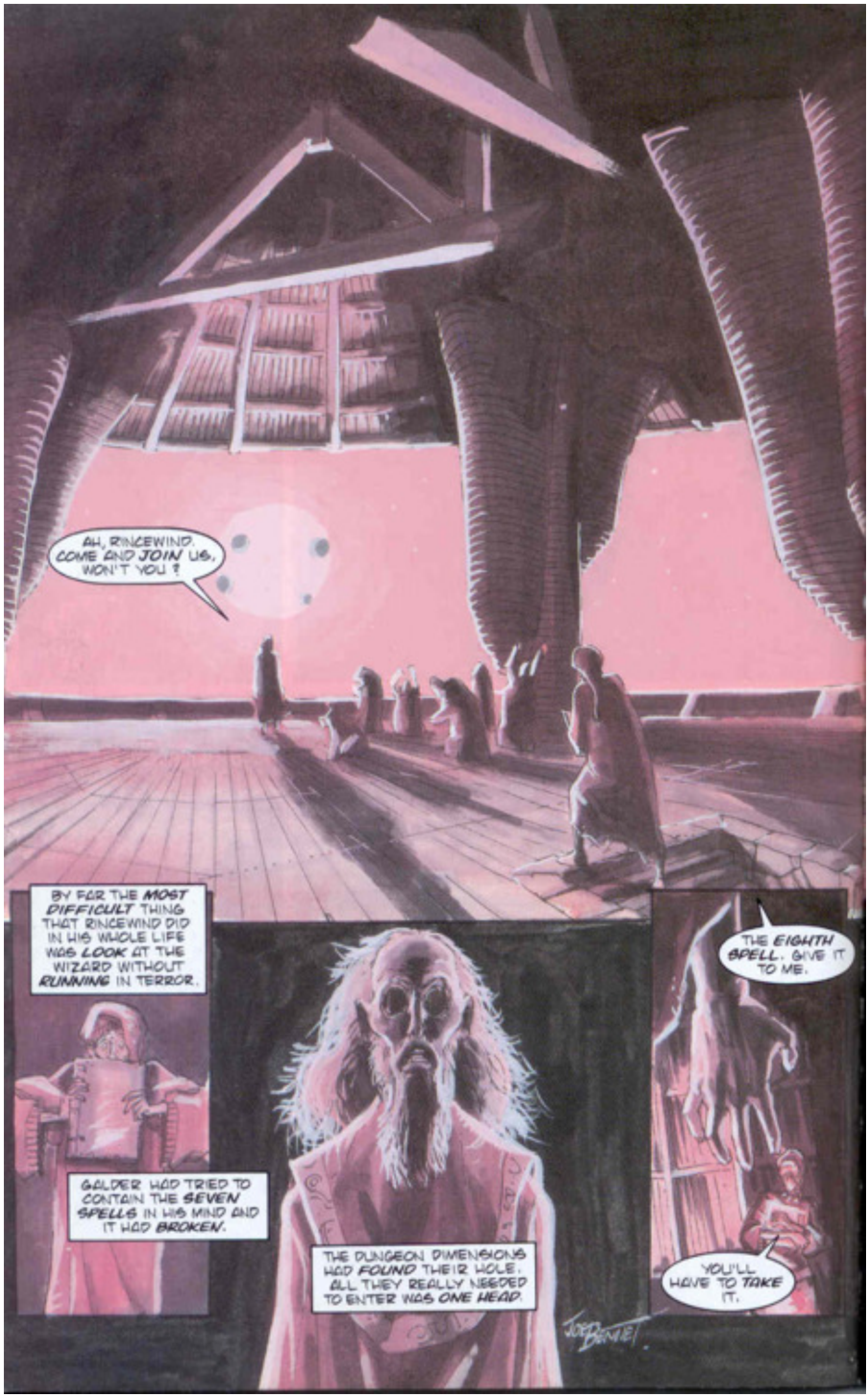
WHO ARE YOU?
OH, NO... IT'S MASTER LEMUEL PANTER!
PLEASE, SIR, IT'S ME, SIR, RINCEWIND, SIR.
RINCEWIND?
I REMEMBER A BOY WHO WASN'T ANY--
THE SPELL, REMEMBER?
OH, THAT RINCEWIND
WHO ARE THEY?
THE MASTERS OF WIZZARDRY... MY OLD SCHOOLMASTERS.
LOOK, WHAT'S GOING ON?
SOMEONE HAS TAKEN THE OCTAVO.
GALDER WEATHERWAX
ALL THE SPELLS WERE MEANT TO BE SAID TONIGHT.
HE'S UP ON THE TOWER OF ART, READING THE OCTAVO.
BUT ONE MIND CAN'T HOLD ALL THE SPELLS. IT'LL BREAK DOWN AND LEAVE A HOLE.
WHAT, IN HIS HEAD?
UM. NO. IN THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.

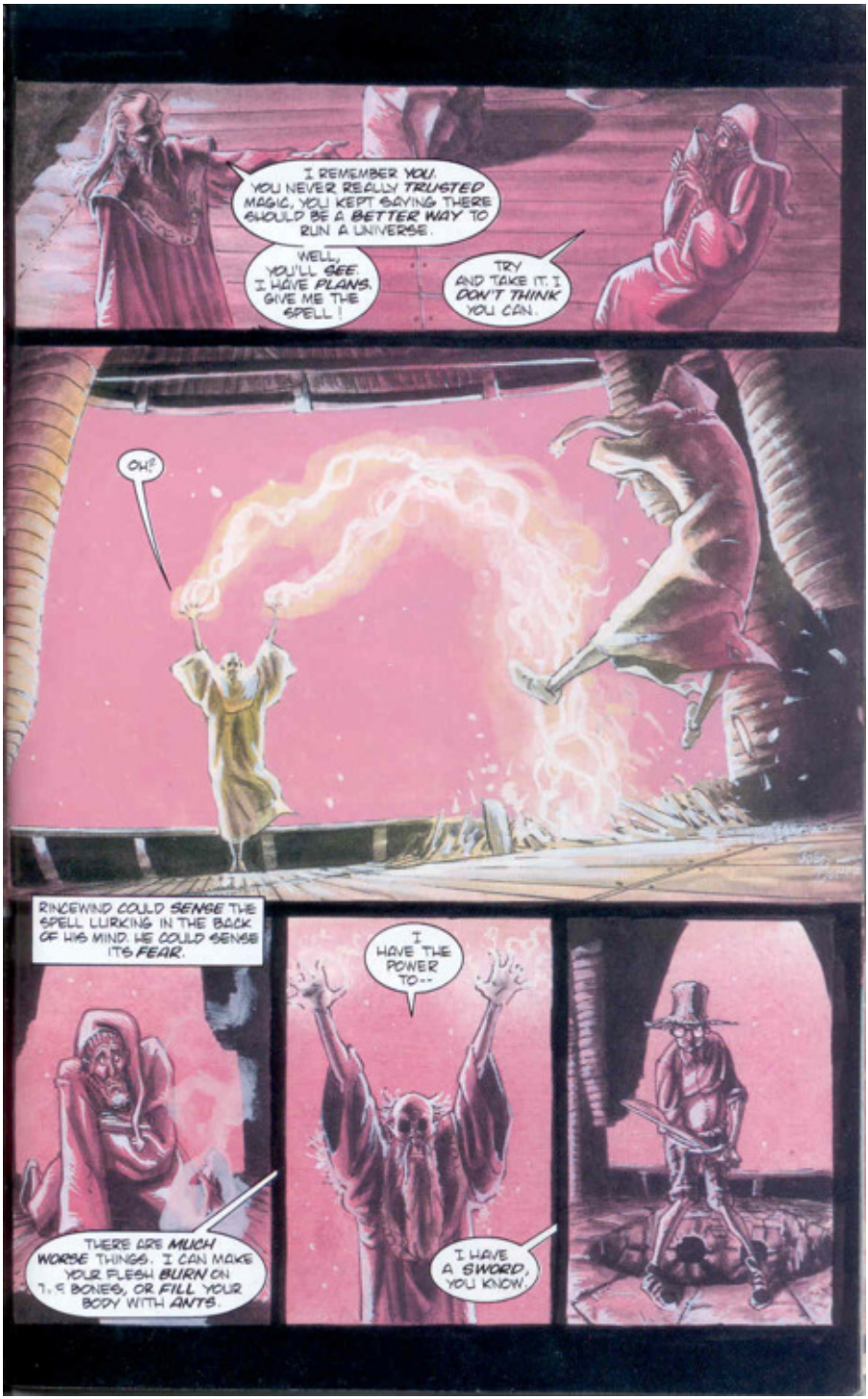
THE SKY! IT'S FULL OF MOONS!
HE'S DONE IT. HE'S OPENED A PATHWAY.
ARE THOSE THINGS DEMONS?
OH, DEMONS. DEMONS WOULD BE A PICNIC COMPARED TO WHAT'S TRYING TO COME THROUGH UP THERE.
THEY'RE WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
I CAN IMAGINE SOME PRETTY BAD THINGS.
OH.
THESE ARE WORSE!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

LISTEN, IT'S ALL OVER. YOU CAN'T PUT THE SPELLS BACK IN THE BOOK, YOU CAN'T UNSAY WHAT'S BEEN SAID!
YOU CAN TRY!
TWOFLOWER, YOU TALK TO...
TWOFLOWER? NOW WHERE'S HE GONE?
HE'S GOING.
HIGH'S ALL RIGHT, THEN.
WE COULD TRY, I SUPPOSE.
BUT WE'VE GOT HARDLY ANY MAGIC TO SPEAK OF...
HAVE YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA, THEN?

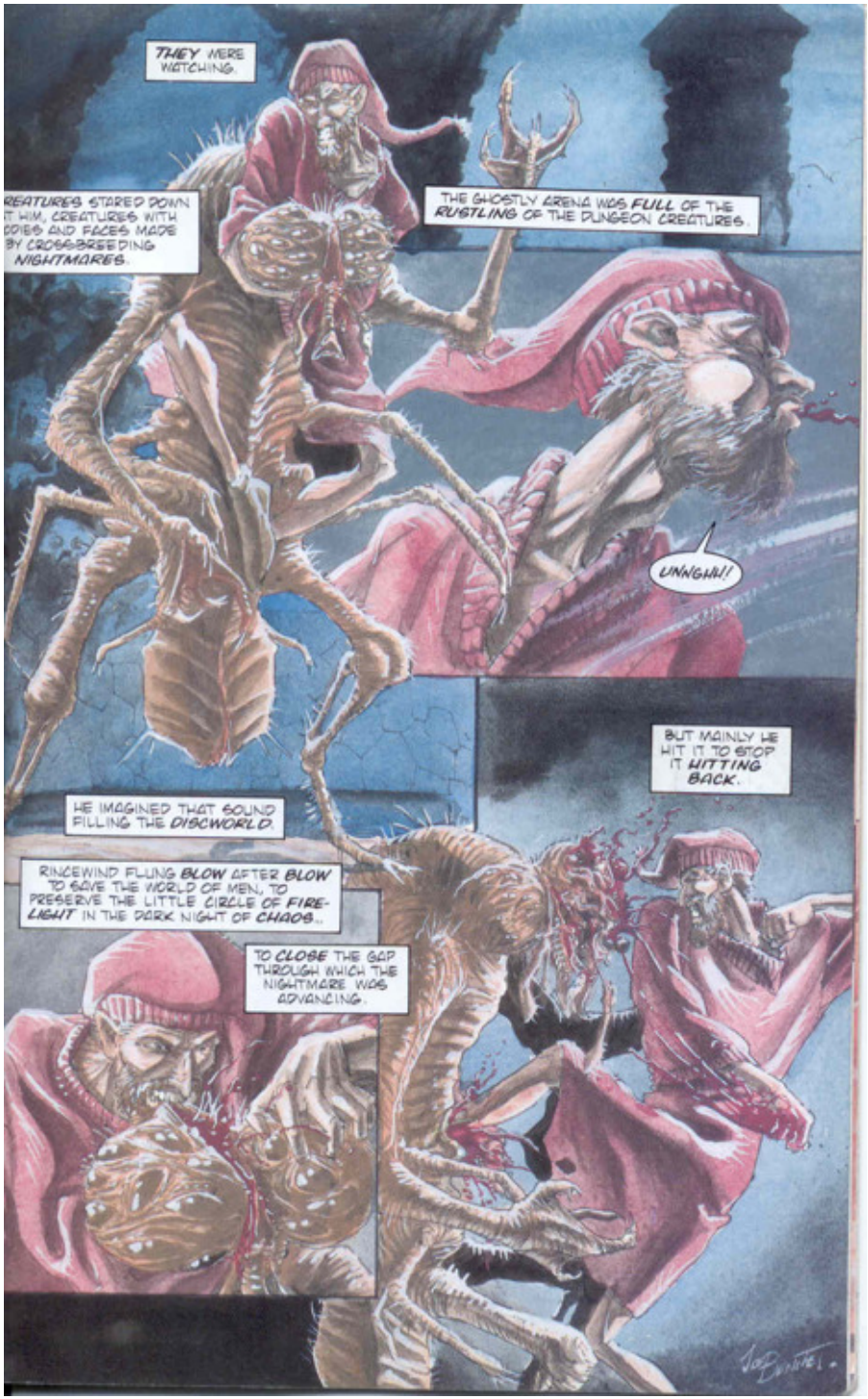
HOLD ON. THIS SORT OF THING IS BETTER FOR THE LIKES OF COHEN, NOT YOU.
WOULD HE DO ANY GOOD?
NO.
THEN I'D BE AS GOOD AS HIM, WOULDN'T I?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S UNIMAGINABLE HORRORS UP THERE!
YOU ALWAYS SAID I DIDN'T HAVE ANY IMAGINATION.
YOU'RE MAD!
YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK! I'M HERE BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER, BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT ABOUT THEM?
IT'S STOPPED!
SOMETHING'S DRIFTING DOWN FROM THE TOP!
THAP!

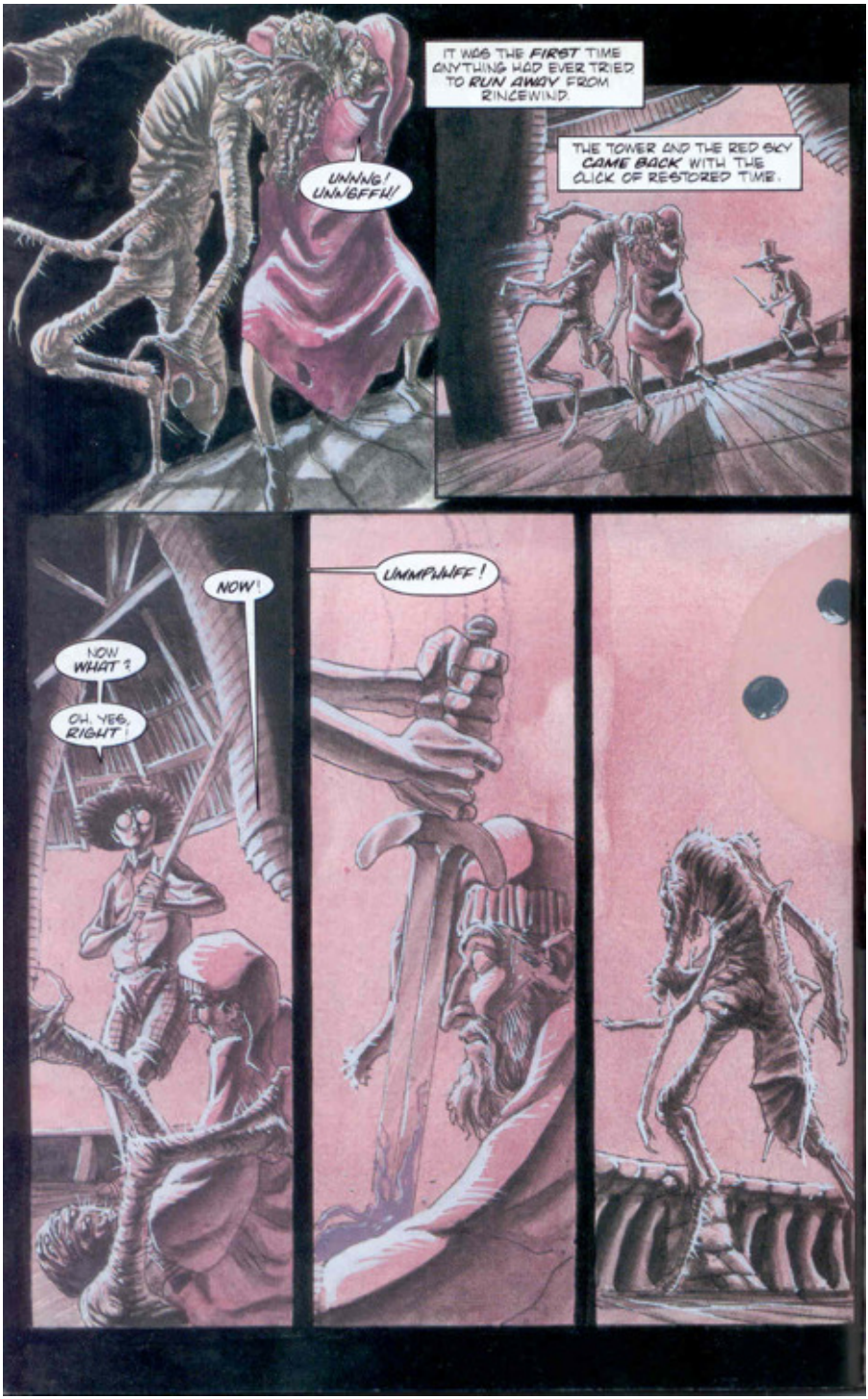
IT'S THE OCTAVO, BUT THE PAGES...
THEY'RE BLANK. EVERY PAGE IS COMPLETELY BLANK!
THEN HE DID IT. HE'S READ THE SPELLS. I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT.
I THINK WE SHOULD GO UP AND CONGRATULATE HIM.
YES, IT'S GETTING THERE THAT MATTERS, NOT HOW YOU TRAVEL.
DON'T WORRY.
I'M NOT WORRIED, I'M JUST ANGRY!
ALL RIGHT, SPELL, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE, NOW GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!
NOTHING'S HAPPENING.
THEN I'LL SAY YOU! YOU CAN JOIN THE REST OF THEM AND MUCH GOOD MAY IT DO YOU!

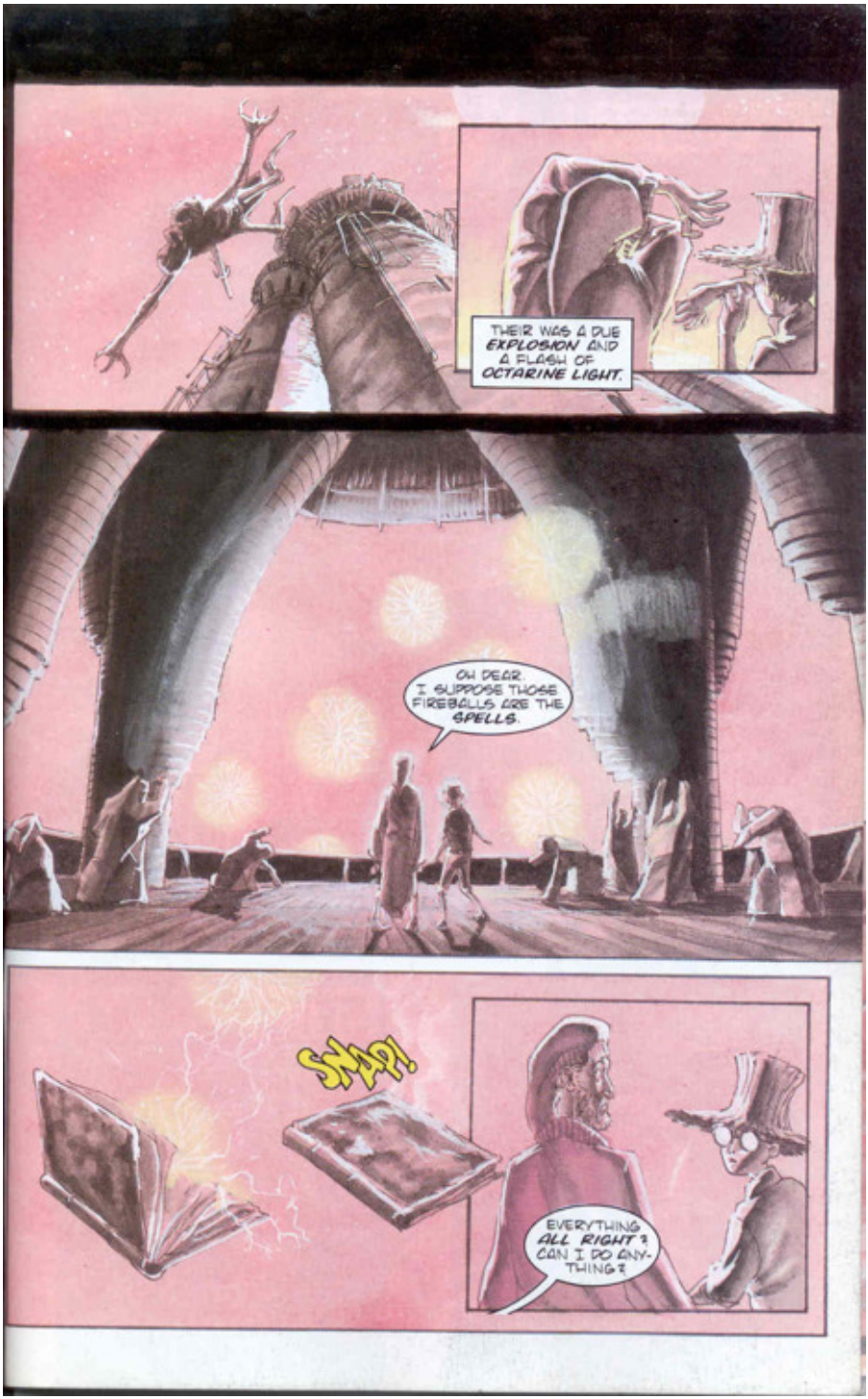

AH, RINCEWIND. COME AND JOIN US, WON'T YOU ?
BY FAR THE MOST DIFFICULT THING THAT RINCEWIND DID IN HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS LOOK AT THE WIZARD WITHOUT RUNNING IN TERROR.
GALDER HAD TRIED TO CONTAIN THE SEVEN SPELLS IN HIS MIND AND IT HAD BROKEN.
THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS HAD FOUND THEIR HOLE. ALL THEY REALLY NEEDED TO ENTER WAS ONE HEAD.
THE EIGHTH SPELL. GIVE IT TO ME.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT.
JOSÉ BENITEZ

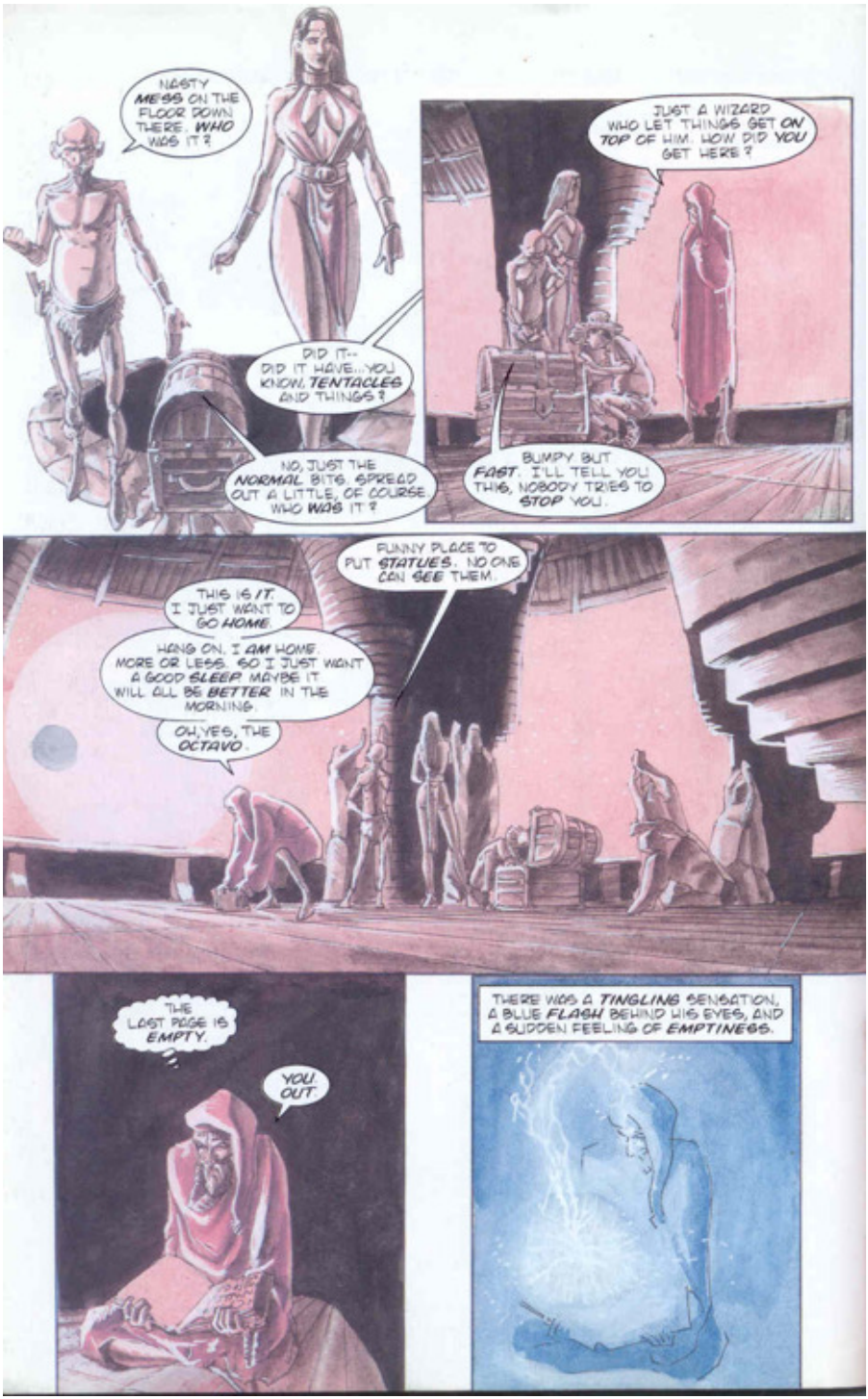

I REMEMBER YOU. YOU NEVER REALLY TRUSTED MAGIC, YOU KEPT SAYING THERE SHOULD BE A BETTER WAY TO RUN A UNIVERSE.
WELL, YOU'LL SEE. I HAVE PLANS. GIVE ME THE SPELL!
TRY AND TAKE IT. I DON'T THINK YOU CAN.
OH?
RINCEWIND COULD SENSE THE SPELL LURKING IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND. HE COULD SENSE ITS FEAR.
THERE ARE MUCH WORSE THINGS. I CAN MAKE YOUR FLESH BURN ON YOUR BONES, OR FILL YOUR BODY WITH ANTS.
I HAVE THE POWER TO--
I HAVE A SWORD, YOU KNOW.

FOR A MOMENT, GOLDER'S ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED.
HA HA HA HA!
RINCEWIND WAS ANGRY. HE WAS ANGRY AT THE SPELL, AT THE WORLD, AT THE UNFAIRNESS OF EVERYTHING, AT THE FACT THAT HE HADN'T HAD MUCH SLEEP LATELY...
OOOFFF!
AAAAIIIEEEE!
BUT MOST OF ALL HE WAS ANGRY AT GOLDER, STANDING THERE FULL OF THE MAGIC RINCEWIND HAD ALWAYS WANTED BUT HAD NEVER ACHIEVED.
HEY! I'M WINNING... BIT OF A SHOCK, THAT...
WHAA...!?
TWOFLOWER, THE TOWER, AND THE RED SKY ALL VANISHED. TIME RAN SLOWLY, THEN STOPPED.

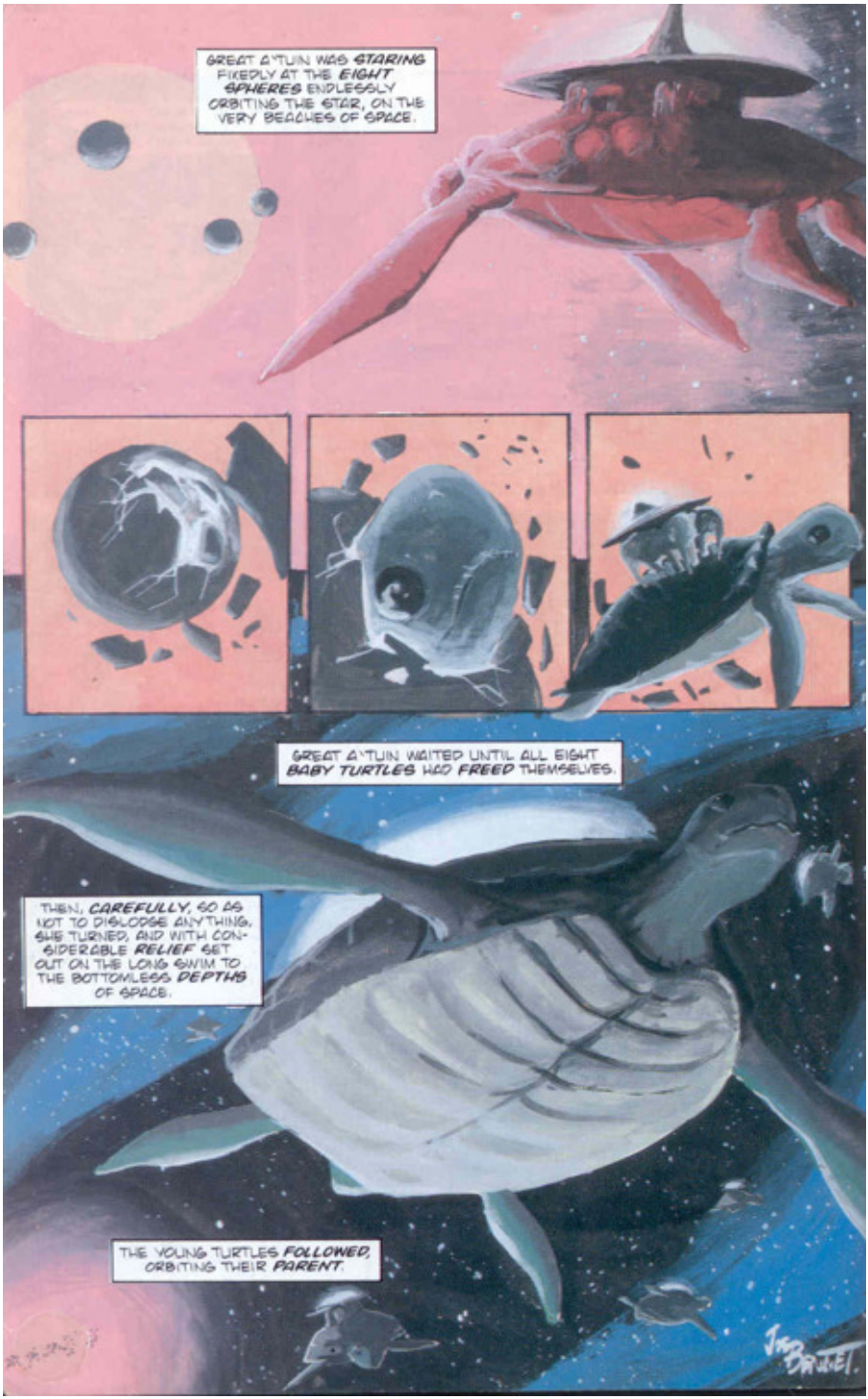

THEY WERE WATCHING.
REATURES STARED DOWN
T HIM, CREATURES WITH
ODIES AND FACES MADE
BY CROSS-BREEDING
NIGHTMARES.
THE GHOSTLY ARENA WAS FULL OF THE RUSTLING OF THE DUNGEON CREATURES.
UNNGH!!
BUT MAINLY HE HIT IT TO STOP IT HITTING BACK.
HE IMAGINED THAT SOUND FILLING THE DISCWORLD.
RINCEWIND FLUNG BLOW AFTER BLOW TO SAVE THE WORLD OF MEN, TO PRESERVE THE LITTLE CIRCLE OF FIRE-LIGHT IN THE DARK NIGHT OF CHAOS..
TO CLOSE THE GAP THROUGH WHICH THE NIGHTMARE WAS ADVANCING.


UNNNG! UNNGFFH!
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME ANYTHING HAD EVER TRIED TO RUN AWAY FROM RINCEWIND.
THE TOWER AND THE RED SKY CAME BACK WITH THE CLICK OF RESTORED TIME.
NOW!
NOW WHAT?
OH, YES, RIGHT!
UNMPWFF!


THEIR WAS A DUE EXPLOSION AND A FLASH OF OCTARINE LIGHT.
OH DEAR. I SUPPOSE THOSE FIREBALLS ARE THE SPELLS.
SNAP!
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? CAN I DO ANYTHING?


NASTY MESS ON THE FLOOR DOWN THERE. WHO WAS IT?
DID IT-- DID IT HAVE... YOU KNOW, TENTACLES AND THINGS?
NO, JUST THE NORMAL BITS, SPREAD OUT A LITTLE, OF COURSE. WHO WAS IT?
JUST A WIZARD WHO LET THINGS GET ON TOP OF HIM. HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
BUMPY, BUT FAST. I'LL TELL YOU THIS, NOBODY TRIES TO STOP YOU.
FUNNY PLACE TO PUT STATUES. NO ONE CAN SEE THEM.
THIS IS IT. I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.
HANG ON. I AM HOME. MORE OR LESS. SO I JUST WANT A GOOD SLEEP. MAYBE IT WILL ALL BE BETTER IN THE MORNING.
OH, YES, THE OCTAVO.
THE LAST PAGE IS EMPTY.
YOU. OUT.
THERE WAS A TINGLING SENSATION, A BLUE FLASH BEHIND HIS EYES, AND A SUDDEN FEELING OF EMPTINESS.

I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... WHAT WAS IT, NOW?
OH, YES
HE OPENED THE OCTAVO AND BEGAN TO READ
AS HE MUMBLED EACH WORD IT APPEARED SOUNDLESSLY IN THE AIR BESIDE HIM.
ISN'T THIS EXCITING!
THERE WAS A PLANGENT, SWEET TWANGING NOISE, AND THE OCTAVO SEEMED TO EXPLODE UPWARD IN A FLOWER OF LIGHT...
...BUT SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING MUCH FURTHER UP IN THE SKY...
ZAP!


GREAT A'TUIN WAS STARING FIXEDLY AT THE EIGHT SPHERES ENDLESSLY ORBITING THE STAR, ON THE VERY BEACHES OF SPACE.
GREAT A'TUIN WAITED UNTIL ALL EIGHT BABY TURTLES HAD FREED THEMSELVES.
THEN, CAREFULLY, SO AS NOT TO DISLODGE ANYTHING, SHE TURNED, AND WITH CONSIDERABLE RELIEF SET OUT ON THE LONG SWIM TO THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF SPACE.
THE YOUNG TURTLES FOLLOWED, ORBITING THEIR PARENT.
JIM BRIGHT.

WHERE'S THE PICTURE BOX? I MUST GET A PICTURE OF THIS!
CAN'T YOU JUST REMEMBER IT?
LOOK!
THE OCTAVO...
SNAP!
YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK WHEN YOU OPEN THE LUGGAGE THERE'S JUST GOING TO BE YOUR LAUNDRY IN THERE.
I THINK THE OCTAVO KNOWS HOW TO LOOK AFTER ITSELF. BEST PLACE FOR IT, REALLY.
I SUPPOSE SO. SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THE LUGGAGE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT IT'S DOING.
AND NOW I THINK IT'D DO ME GOOD TO GO AND ORDER A COUPLE OF DRINKS.
GOOD IDEA. I'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS TOO...
...AND THEN I'M GOING HOME.

THAT'S SETTLED, THEN. THIS SHIP WILL DROP ME AT THE BROWN ISLANDS AND I CAN GET A SHIP TO THE AGATEAN EMPIRE FROM THERE.
HAVE YOU SEEN BETHAN AND COHEN?
THEY WENT OFF TO GET MARRIED. I HEARD BETHAN SAY IT WAS NOW OR NEVER
WELL, GIVE THEM THIS. I KNOW IT'S EXPENSIVE, SETTING UP A HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME.
ER... I'LL HAND IT OVER FIRST CHANCE I GET.
GOOD. I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU, TOO. I SHAN'T NEED IT ANYMORE.
LUGGAGE, THIS IS RINCEWIND. YOU'RE HIS NOW, RIGHT?
WELL, THAT'S IT, THEN. GOODBYE, RINCEWIND. I'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD WHEN I GET HOME!
BUT...
GO AWAY. I'M GIVING YOU TO YOURSELF.
I SAID I DON'T WANT YOU!
OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN. COME ON.
The End

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

Six months ago, Rincewind was a perfectly ordinary failed wizard. Then he met Twoflower,the Discworld's first tourist, was employed at an outrageous salary as his guide, and has since spent most of his time being shot at, terrorized, chased and hanging from high places with no hope of salvation or, as is now the case, plunging from high places.

A lot more could be said about why these two are dropping out of the world, and why Twoflower's Luggage, last seen desperately trying to follow him on hundreds of little legs, is no ordinary suitcase, but such questions take time and could be more trouble than they're worth. For example, it is said that someone once asked the famous philosopher Ly Tin Weedle "Why are you here?" and the reply took three years.

What is far more important is an event happening way overhead, far above A'Tuin, the elephants and the rapidly-expiring wizard. The very fabric of time and space is about to be put through the wringer.

Now read on...

Terry Pratchett is the world's bestselling writer of comic fantasy. THE LIGHT FANTASTIC is the second fully-illustrated version of an original DISCWORLD novel. The first, THE COLOUR OF MAGIC, is also available in Corgi paperback.

Cover illustration by Steven Ross.
Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS & JOE BENNET Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by MICHELLE BECK & VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

ISBN 0-552-14159-3

£7.99

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